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TIME GOES BY TURNS.

BY SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MANY were the good things upon Mrs. Ramage's supper-table; and the wines fortunately were irreproachable. Lord Tracy himself; having undertaken to attend to this department of the feast, had got down all that was requisite from his chambers in town.

But, excellent as was everything upon the Ramages' hospitable board, the business of feeding could not go on for ever. Moreover, it had been previously settled that with the after-supper refreshments and cigarettes—also for these latter, of a fragrant "Egyptian" brand, were Mrs. Ramage's guests indebted to the good nature and forethought of Lord Tracy—music was to be the principal feature of the entertainment.

Very heartily it having been proposed by Daryl—a toast, said he half seriously, half joyously, that must on no account be forgotten—had we drunk the health of the engaged couple, and wished them a long life and much true happiness in it. And then, his lordship having in reply made a quite neat and witty little speech, sincerely thanking us on behalf of himself and of Aurora, Mr. Binkworthy proposed the health of Mrs. Ramage. And so the fun went on, until supper was over and cigarettes were lighted, and Miss de Vere opened her hired piano.

She was going to sing to us.

She sang her serio-comic songs with real humor, with all the wit and vivacity of a trained comedienne of her kind; and Lord Tracy sat by her at the piano as she played, his arm thrown round the back of her chair. He was very much in love, and very jealous. He meant every one to understand, it was clear, that Aurora belonged to him—that she was his own, his very own, and nobody else's. And then Daryl sang the "Yeoman's Wedding" in a rollicking easy manner that won for him plenty of applause; and young Gaveston, in the smallest of tenors, piped the "Power of Love."

Then once more my husband obliged the company, now with "Jack's Yarn" and the "Warrior Bold;" and by-and-by Miss de Vere again delighted us all by her spirited rendering of her great Levity success, "Would you believe it?"—which set Mr. Binkworthy thumping the table until all the glasses rattled together.

But Leigh Eversleigh, when pressed to perform, for some reason quietly but firmly begged to be excused; and Lord Tracy himself ruefully declared that he never sung a song in his life. "I don't even know one note from another—except that some of 'em are black, and some are white," said his lordship frankly—"wish I did."

"Rory would soon teach you, my lord," sniggered Mrs. Ramage.

"Will you, darling?" whispered the enamoured young man, hanging over his bright divinity, his cheek touching her ear.

"If you're good," replied Aurora briskly, out loud.

"He's far gone, ain't he?" murmured Mr. Binkworthy confidentially to Mrs. Ramage. "Head-over-heels this time, and no mistake!"

"Hush—sh!" said Mrs. Ramage. "You don't know, sir, what a noble young man he is." And then she told Mr. Binkworthy about the villa residence she was to have upon Ealing Common, when Aurora should no longer be Miss de Vere, but the wife of Viscount Tracy.

"I am sure that you are a musician, Mrs. Darkwood," presently called out the manager of the Levity—"from the style in which you play your husband's accompaniments any one can tell that. You sing—now don't you, madam?"

"Mrs. Darkwood sing!" exclaimed Leigh Eversleigh, speaking up involuntarily. "I should rather say she did, sir!"

"Rather indeed!" echoed Miss de Vere in her hearty way, wheeling suddenly round upon the music-chair in order to face the company. "Why, I declare I had clean forgotten! Sing? Of course she does—sings as well as plays. Mrs. Darkwood, if she pleases, can beat us all hollow."

"Mrs. Darkwood sings like—like any nightingirl," Mrs. Ramage was earnestly assuring Mr. Binkworthy, "and I am sure that she will kindly favor us. Won't you mem?"—turning from the manager and appealing to me.

It would be foolish to refuse when it was plain that they were all against a refusal—to make excuses when I had actually no sensible one ready; and so, though I myself was scarcely that night in the vein for singing—like Mr. Eversleigh, preferring the role of listener and observer—I at once complied with as gay humor as I could.

After a moment's pondering, uncertain what they would like—my repertory and that of Miss de Vere being so dissimilar—I remembered and sang "The Three Fishers," deciding that something old, simple, and pathetic from me would please them best.

I do not think I was mistaken in my choice, for Mrs. Ramage's sea-side drawing-room was as silent as an empty room until my song was ended. And then, when the last note of my accompaniment had died quite away—well for some time afterwards they would not allow me to stir from the piano, but besought me again and again to sing for them "those sweet old songs."

At last, after "Auld Robin Gray," Lord Tracy begged me to give them something more modern—"'Going to Market,' or 'For Ever and For Ever,' don't you know?" said he. Knowing it the better of the two, and it suiting me the better of the two, I sang the latter; and then I got up resolutely from the music-chair, lightly remarking that I had become hoarse. So many compliments had been heaped upon me that I was feeling quite pleased and excited.

The room had grown intolerably warm and "smoky" to me now, and I went over to one of the long and narrow windows, both of which opened conveniently to the floor, there being a balcony running along outside of them upon which to-night were two or three fragile wicker-chairs.

I stepped out into the air and sat down in one of these chairs, thankful to feel the fanning of the gentle night-breeze which breathed inland from the wide dark sea. The roadway—the "Parade," as it was called—below was now utterly deserted. Thangate church-clocks were chiming the half-hour after one.

Somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Binkworthy joined me upon the balcony, seating himself heavily in another of the basket-chairs, which creaked piteously beneath his weight. He drew his familiarly towards mine, but said rather awkwardly—the rest were again talking and laughing within the lighted room behind us—"And how do you like Thangit on the 'ole, Mrs. Darkwood? Ever been here before—eh?"

I told Mr. Binkworthy that I liked Thangate very much, on the whole, and that I had never been there before. Then I stared at my stout companion and wondered what was coming next.

He hum'd and ha'd and appeared to be at a loss for a conversational idea. As I found his fidgety dumbness a great deal more irritating than his speech, I said carelessly—

"How odd the bathing-machines look, do they not, all drawn up in a dark line under the sea-wall yonder?"

Mr. Binkworthy merely glanced at the direction indicated, and answered mechanically—

"They do, Mrs. Darkwood," said the manager abruptly, "you've got a rare fine voice of your own."

I smiled a little coldly.

"You told me so a few minutes ago."

"You was taught abroad, I understand?" he observed thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"H'm—ha, just so—h'm!" said Mr. Binkworthy, slowly rubbing his rather stubbly chin.

I yawned as slightly and as politely as I could. But the mild hint was lost upon Mr. Binkworthy—or he would not see it. He laid his fat beringed hand upon my arm. I withdrew it gently from his touch.

"Look here, madam," said the manager, in a tone that had all at once grown brisk and business-like; "how would you like to be put—to be put into the way of earning a—a—well, say, a nice little lump of coin every week—to look in at a certain shop regular on every Saturday afternoon, and to find a envelope addressed to you, and waiting for you, with—h'm, ha—well, let us say with between twenty and thirty pound inside?"

"Very much indeed," I replied readily, but still quite coldly—"always supposing that I could clearly see my way to such singular good fortune."

Mr. Binkworthy slapped his thigh.

"Madam, it's as clear as daylight," said he.

"I am afraid that I am very obtuse," I rejoined.

The manager of the Levity made an impatient noise in the roof of his mouth, frowned, and said—

"I am afraid, madam, you mean to be."

"Positively, Mr. Binkworthy, I do not understand you," I remarked calmly.

The manager then rose from his creaking basket-chair, which indeed was more than a size too small for him, and stood upon the balcony, with his back to the sea. He was rather nervously fingering his prodigious watch-chain and locket.

"Mrs. Darkwood," he said, "it would, I'm aware, be impertinent on my part to infer that you would be glad to—to be put into the way of earning anything, and therefore I don't infer it. I hope you understand me, madam—I don't infer it. All I wish however to say is—supposing—mind, only supposing—as you was ever to find yourself in want of a little ready cash, to buy some pretty gowns with, gew-gaws, or what not, and didn't quite know which way to turn for it—see—why, all that you've got to do is to just think of me, or, better still, come down to me in my room at the theatre, and the matter shall be arranged with as little delay as possible. It on'y rests with yourself."

There was no misunderstanding Mr. Binkworthy now. I understood him perfectly, and I told him so.

"You mean," I said, in my chilliest manner, "that you would like me to sing for you at your variety theatre, and that you would pay me something between twenty and thirty pounds a week simply for singing there? Is that it Mr. Binkworthy?"

"You've hit it exactly, Mrs. Darkwood," said the manager boldly. "If you would come every night to the Levity—to the Levity, and to no other theatre in London, mind—and sing me three, only three old songs or modern ballads, whichever you like, just as you sung 'em here to-night—why, I would willingly give you twenty-five pound a week to start with. Many a lady, bless ye, have done it before you; and there's nothing to be ashamed of in earning honest money! You have got a lovely voice, Mrs. Darkwood," said the manager eagerly—"a lovely voice, splendidly trained; and you would just about fetch 'em with that simple dignified style of yours; and an old ballad or a pretty new song on the boards nowadays is about as popular as anything you can give 'em. I ought to know; it beats the ballet into fits, and brings the swells a-dropping in, too, after dinner. Besides, you needn't sing under your own name any more than Miss Aurora Ramage does; and a lady who goes in for the simple ballad-singing business can dress as modestly as——"

I held up my hand. I cut Mr. Binkworthy short.

"You are too kind," I said quietly; "but my answer is emphatically 'No.'"

"You decline then?" said the manager, reluctant to take a plain refusal.

"Do you not comprehend me? Most assuredly do I decline."

"Many women would jump at the chance," grumbled Mr. Binkworthy.

"Perhaps; but in more respects than one I am unlike other women. For example, I am fond enough, I grant you, of the theatre itself—of a good play or a comic opera. Yet, for all that, I cannot bear to think of women as being upon the stage—upon any stage—no matter how gifted they may be."

The manager laughed offensively.

"There's no sense, madam, in talking like that. Women on the stage—or, as you'd have it, no women on the stage—why, hang it all, how's the stage to do without 'em—eh?"

"I well know that my ideas upon the subject are inconsistent, ridiculous, impossible, if you like," I replied equably. "Nevertheless I maintain that a woman, whoever she be, who goes upon the stage, in so going loses some of her purity—of her womanhood. She may be highly gifted, I repeat—a bright genius—but her genius is tarnished in the glare of the footlights. At any rate, that, sir, is my opinion of the matter."

The manager laughed again as coarsely as before.

"In these days," said he vulgarly, "such notions won't wash; and the sooner, madam, you get rid of 'em the better." He was moving away, but turned to add, "Well, you know, Mrs. Darkwood, a day may come—for the world is full of rum surprises—a day may come, I say, when you may be not altogether unwillin' to look me up. I am mostly to be found my-

self at the Levity, and any letter addressed to me there will always be safe to find me. Don't forget—I shall be 'appy to see you or to 'ear from you at any time."

"Thank you," I answered—I fear ironically.

Once more Mr. Binkworthy was turning to leave the balcony, to re-enter Mrs. Ramage's close illuminated drawing-room, where champagne-corks were still flying gaily, and Miss de Vere was singing her serio-comic songs. A thought had suddenly darted into my mind—a thought that disturbed me acutely.

"Mr. Binkworthy," I called to him—"one moment!"

He came back to me at once.

"What—you have altered your mind?" he said, brightening. "How like a woman, to be sure!"

"Nothing of the kind," I said impatiently. "Mr. Binkworthy, I want you—as a great favor, I want you to promise me that you will mention nothing, nothing whatever, if you please, of this conversation to Dar—to my husband."

"I wasn't going to," cut in the manager sulkily. "Where's the good! Is that all then?"

With a sigh of relief I sank back into my chair.

"Yes, Mr. Binkworthy, that is all; and I am very much obliged to you," I said, not without a vague feeling of gratitude towards the manager after all.

He left me then, and I was alone. Not for long however; for the flimsy window-curtains behind me again were parted, and out stepped Mr. Eversleigh. Whatever may have been happening within the noisy room in our rear, Leigh himself at this hour was as calm, as cool, and as genially self-possessed as when, some few hours before, with Daryl and me, he had arrived at Mrs. Ramage's door.

His society after that of my late companion was a thoroughly welcome change; and I frankly assured him—Leigh—of the fact. But I told him nothing of Mr. Binkworthy's curious proposition. He took the wicker-chair vacated by the manager, and drifted quietly into talking of music and of books, with many a kindred theme besides in which we both of us felt the same keen sympathy and interest. His nature was too kindly, too essentially gentle, to discuss the oddities of—in any wise to criticise—Mrs. Ramage's festival within Mrs. Ramage's own apartments. So together we chatted on very pleasantly of one thing and another—for it happened that most of the foreign towns with which I was acquainted were equally well known to Mr. Eversleigh—and I, at any rate, forgot how late, or indeed how early, it had already grown.

The clocks were striking three. A cold dawn-wind was breathing from the east; wan flame-streaks would soon be breaking over the chill gray sea.

A voice shouting close behind us caused me and Leigh Eversleigh to start and look round.

"Hullo, you two!" cried my husband, in the open window. "Perhaps, when you've quite done—done your spooning out there—you'll—you'll come home. At all events, I mean—I mean my wife to come home with me. You, Eversleigh, 'course may please yourself. So—so, Flower, you just look alive, will you? Can't you see I'm—I'm waiting—been waiting this hour or more for you? Come along!"

Very pale, and trembling slightly, I went directly to get my hat. Leigh never "turned a hair," as Mrs. Ramage would say. He perceived what Daryl's condition was, and he wisely ignored the insulting remark that Daryl had made.

"All right, old fellow," he said, rising and stretching himself; "it is latish. I'll come with you."

"Oh, please yourself, man!" hiccoughed Daryl again. As he spoke, he was steadying himself by the framework of the window. "My society is no attraction, 'm well aware. Still there's my wife. She—she, I dare say, will be glad of your company if—if I can't 'preciate it, don't ye know."

In the sitting-room, Mr. Binkworthy, young Gaveston, and Viscount Tracy were still smoking cigarettes and drinking champagne, or perhaps it was brandy-and-soda—I don't know. Miss de Vere, looking annoyed—nay, exceedingly put out—was tapping the floor with her embroidered slipper. Mrs. Ramage, I was shocked to notice, was fast asleep upon the sofa.

As speedily as we could manage our departure we got away; and Mr. Eversleigh accompanied my husband and me up to Miss Piper's house on the cliff. Without Leith's strong aid I shudder to think what, in the circumstances, I should have done; I was helpless and horrified enough as it was!

With every lurch and stagger Daryl swore at us both, and told Mr. Eversleigh that he—Leigh himself—was drunk.

At Miss Piper's door Mr. Eversleigh left us.

If our hands—his and mine—at parting clung most pitifully together, Heaven knows that it was no sin of either. His manly chivalrous heart, I knew, was bleeding sorely for me; my own heart, aching very bitterly, was unspeakably thankful for such real sympathy as his.

What more, alas, could he do for me?

So he and I, in the chilly dawn, said good-bye to each other; and from that sad hour it was a long, long day before I saw Leigh Eversleigh again.

CHAPTER XX.

DARYL, with many a curse and stumble, somehow got up-stairs; and I heard a door creak cautiously upon the top landing of all, and felt that Miss Piper, hearing the commotion, had slipped out of her bed and was peeping at us over the banisters.

He dropped into the first arm-chair he came to, thrust down his hands into his trousers-pockets, stretched his long legs widely apart, and growled out that he wanted a brandy-and-soda—a big one; and then he swore at me for being so "infernally slow" in getting what he wanted, though I was in reality obeying him as fast as my trembling hands would let me.

When Daryl Darkwood was very tipsy, then was it that he was most inclined to be quarrelsome.

Having from hard experience learnt this fact, I am well aware that I should have been more wary, more tactful, in dealing with him at such a time as the present—should have waited until he was sober, and for a while, at any rate, should have smothered as best I could the hot indignation which was consuming me.

Had I been wiser, had I been more patient and forbearing, I should have been spared much sorrow, much degradation—some almost hopeless suffering in the after-days!

But there is no woman living who is without a spark of temper of her own; and mine, as a rule under thorough control, not an hour before had been cruelly tried.

So, at the sideboard, I mixed for my husband a huge tumbler of soda-water and brandy; and, holding my head high, and conscious of my own heart-beats, I crossed the room and carried the mixture to him. With my bosom heaving, with my breath coming short and fast, I stood there before the arm-chair in which he lay sprawling.

"Your conduct to-night has been hateful, Daryl. You have insulted me intolerably!" said I recklessly. "And, if you were a man with a grain of honorable feeling about you, you would this minute, sir, rise and beg my pardon."

Here was a flinging down of the iron glove with a vengeance!

Before in any manner answering, he took the glass from my hand, and at a draught swallowed half the contents of it. It seemed to do him good—to sober him somewhat. His own hand was steadier than mine when he set down the glass upon a small table near him. It was by this time broadening dawn—in fact, nearly bright day—and the room was full of rose and gray light.

It was too late now to wish that I had given my anger time to cool—at least, wishing could avail me nothing. The rash words were uttered—there was no unsaying them. Heaven help me!

"H'm—so!" said my husband then, in his most insufferable way, "Beg your pardon, Periwinkle, 'm—eh? Something fresh, that, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha! Besides, why the deuce, pray, should I beg your pardon, Flower, my dear, when I told you only the truth, 'm—eh?" hiccoughed he, in the nasal tone of the half-sobered tippler.

"What!" I cried, aghast.

"Why, only the truth, Periwinkle," Daryl repeated, with an insolent laugh. "I said—didn't I?—that you and Eversleigh were—were spooning together out there upon the balcony at old mother Ramage's; and so you were, by Heaven, or I never in my life saw a spooning couple! But what's there to fly into a passion about now, 'm—eh? Ain't you always at it?"

When I could manage my voice, my hands behind me locked together convulsively, I said, and the husky words seemed to hurt me as they came—

"That is a lie, Daryl Darkwood. And you know that it is a lie!"

He laughed again in my face.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, Flower, your acting isn't bad—not half bad! But the innocence of the part is just a trifle overdone, my dear, especially with your own husband, you see, who is—well, who is behind the scenes, don't ye know."

"Daryl, as I live, I do not understand you!" I cried passionately—perhaps piteously. And it was the truth—I did not understand.

"No it won't do, Periwinkle—clever as you are," said he, slowly shaking his head in an odiously wise and solemn manner. He clutched the tall tumbler, and this time drained it. He thumped down the empty glass, and sprawled back again in his chair. "Everybody knows—and who better than yourself?—that Leigh Eversleigh—confound him!" growled Daryl, with an abrupt change of tone and gloomily-lowered eyebrows—"is—is in love with my wife—worships the ground she walks upon, in fact, and is never happy away from her side. Ha, ha!"

I could not speak. I was simply dumfounded. Speechless, I stared at Daryl with wide dismayed eyes.

"Oh—ah, you are putting it on pretty strong, I can see!" he sneered, scowling upward at me from beneath the penthouse of his straight dusky brows; "but you are a fool, as I hinted just now, to get acting the innocent saint for my edification. 'Pon my soul, I should have thought that you had discovered by this time that I am not to be gulled quite so easily! Ha, ha! A neat idea of yours, that, Flower—your pretending a virtuous ignorance! The sweet simplicity of budding seventeen at this time o' day! Rather too old and experienced for that, ain't you? The joke is too rich—'pon my soul—'pon my soul it is! Why, Eversleigh himself would grin at it if he were here!"

Still I did not speak. I could only stare at Daryl. Had he drunk himself mad? I was wondering dully. Had something gone wrong with his brain? The first heat of my intense anger had died out. A horrible cold fear was stealing over and benumbing my whole body. What strange words would he say next? I soon heard.

"I suppose," he shouted hoarsely, sitting bolt upright, and gripping the arms of the easy-chair to keep his balance as he sat—"I suppose—I suppose you want me to believe that—that he came here to Thangate expressly to see me, 'em eh? That's very likely, isn't it?"

"What else—what else—should he come for?" I whispered. I was obliged to put my hand to my throat, or I felt that I could not have articulated a syllable.

"Go on, Flower—that's capital! We all know—don't we?—how fond he is of the youngster for—for the sake of the child's father, of course. Oh, yes—how remarkably kind! You believe that, don't you?" said Daryl savagely.

"Why not?" I answered stupidly. "What should I believe then, Daryl?"

I felt faint and bewildered. I but very dimly comprehended the nature of the accusation that he was trying to bring against me. However, in the next minute every faculty within me was stirred into passionate life.

"Oh, ah—of course—we understand!" continued my husband, in the same taunting savage voice, and with the same fierce menacing scowl. "It is for my sake—his friend's; not for the sake of his friend's wife—deuce take him, no!—that nightly over the cards he flings—flings away his money—purposely loses a heap or so o' gold, when perhaps with a little thought and care he might as easily keep it in his pocket. H'm, h'm—it is for the sake of his dear friend—not for the sake of that dear friend's wife—oh, no!—that Leigh Eversleigh happens to have discovered a miraculously generous dealer in the picture line down to Haymarket way, who for a wretched sketch or daub not worth five sovereigns can at once by Eversleigh be persuaded to fork out fifteen or twenty! H'm ah—wonderful dealers, those, that Eversleigh knows down the Haymarket way! He can call 'em into existence at a moment's notice, it seems. I could never find 'em myself—often tried to, 'm sure. But then the friend of his bosom—his old school-fellow and college-chum—must be allowed to live in comfort, and want for no luxury that money can obtain—must have good clothes, good fare; his little daughter, being delicate, must be sent to the seaside, and whilst there, too, must be furnished with the best of everything. Good heavens, why not—h'm? But the mother of the youngster—the friend's beautiful wife—bah, she counts for naught! For naught, I say, Periwinkle!"—snapping his fingers. "What is she to Leigh Eversleigh? Ha, ha, ha! It is too good, isn't it? And so—and so, Flower, you perceive ——"

I stopped him. I could endure no more of his fiendish banter. The helpless, horrified silence which I had kept while listening to him now suddenly gave way to something like a scream. I flung myself upon my knees at Daryl Darkwood's feet and clung desperately to his arm with two strained white quivering hands.

"You mean to say, in this ironical, round about manner—you are telling me," I gasped, "that—that we are, even now—and—and have been doing so all along—living—living upon Leigh Eversleigh's money! His charity—nothing less! You are telling me—telling me, Daryl—is it possible?—that it was his money that brought us here to the sea; that he has, in plain language, been keeping us—all three of us—ever since—ever since we have known him! It is true I—I have thought that you sometimes took an unfair advantage of him with the cards; but not—oh, never, never for an instant!—that he, with his eyes open, permitted you to do it on account of—for—for—— Oh, Daryl, not that, not that—not so bad as that!" I panted, shivering from head to foot. "Surely—surely, Daryl, you have not been so base—have not fallen so low as to allow—have not all along actually know——"

Once more my husband laughed out brutally—a laugh cut short by a violent hiccough.

"Oh, yes, I have," he said, with something of his old jaunty air; "and so have you, you infernal hypocrite, Flower! Who all along, I should like to hear, has known better than yourself that for love of you—for love of you, do you understand, Periwinkle, my dear?—Leigh Eversleigh's purse and his cheque-book have——"

"Stop!" I cried, in a low authoritative voice—a strange hollow agonised voice most unlike my own. I released his arm mechanically. I shrank from him in loathing and disgust by far too deep for expression in speech, my eyes, in a wild stare of horror, fixed upon the dark handsome dissolute face of the man who had dragged me down to this cruel, cruel depth of unspeakable degradation. Ah me—did it not verily seem as if my whole life was to be but one dreary record of shame and humiliation?

My love—my once passionate and too-confiding love—for Daryl had been hitherto dying a gradual death—slow, but sure enough, as I thought. And now it lay dead within my heart—bruised, shattered, utterly dead—abruptly slain outright, I believed, by Daryl Darkwood himself. And yet, oh, how I had once loved this man—how truly, how unselfishly had I once loved him!

"Don't stare at me," he cried roughly—"dont stare at me—do you hear?—in that beastly theatrical fashion, you——"

As he hurled at me a coarse, foul epithet that never should pollute the hearing of any good and pure-souled woman, he thrust me—nay, struck me—from him with a blow upon my breast; and the effort sent him rolling backward into his chair again.

I fell against the table in the centre of the room, but happily was in no wise seriously hurt; and soon, by the aid of it, dragged myself upward to my feet. Nevertheless I felt much shaken and rather dizzy, and the blood seemed to be rising from the region of my heart and surging with a humming noise over my brain.

Forlornly I threw back my head, with one hand covering my eyes. Slowly and blindly thus I groped my way towards the door.

"Good-bye, Daryl," I said gently.

His head sunk to his chest. His hands once more were rammed down into his pockets; his legs were spread out in the old favorite attitude. As he did not answer, I paused upon the threshold to say good-bye again. The second time I spoke more distinctly; and then he heard me.

His reply was a curse muttered drowsily—that was all. So I closed the sitting-room door noiselessly and left him alone in his chair—so left him for evermore!

Heavily—heavy in spirit—I went to the bed-room, where Isla was sleeping peacefully the sweet unhaunted sleep of guileless childhood. There by my darling's cot I dropped quietly to the floor, and stretched my yearning arms over the little unconscious body.

But I could not yet pray for strength and guidance—not yet. I broke instead into a fit of hopeless weeping; and perhaps the rush of tears would ease my misery.

* * * * *

A few minutes after six o'clock Isla and I had left Miss Piper's house on the cliff. Not a soul was astir within it, and but few were abroad outside; for the dawn had been too ruddy to be the harbinger of fair weather, and the clouds now hung low and sullen over a stormily rolling sea. It was a fresh cold morning, and rain perhaps would follow by-and-by.

The waves, mud-brown and dull green, broke with an angry hiss and roar at the base of the breezy cliffs; the fitful shafts of sunlight were white and watery, and struck slantwise out of heaven from behind the murkiest clouds. Soft-white also looked the screaming gulls, dipping to and wheeling around the tempestuous water.

For one brief heart-bursting moment I halted at the drawing-room door. My breath suspended, I listened at the key-hole. Daryl, within the room, was snoring loudly, I could hear.

"Good-bye!" I murmured, for the third and for the last time. "Daryl, good-bye!"

Along the esplanade an adventuresome bather in flannels, towel in hand, was strolling down towards the sands. But there were no rickety landaus, no public conveyance of any kind anywhere in sight. Here and there an early maid-servant was engaged in cleaning her doorsteps, stopping every now and then in her work to clutch her cap upon her head.

Whilst I was washing and dressing her, Isla asked no questions—to do so would be unlike her. But presently she remarked wistfully—

"Aren't we getting up rather early, mamma?"

"Yes, my darling—earlier than we usually do," I answered.

That was all then. Afterwards, when out of doors upon the pavement, she said—

"And isn't papa coming with us?"—"No, Isla."

"Nor Mr. Eversleigh, mamma?"

"No, no, no, child—we are going alone!"

For a few seconds Isla remained silent, pondering the situation. Then she said thoughtfully—

"Have we got enough luggage, do you think, mamma? Only this bag?"

"Enough for the present, darling," I told her. I looked anxiously, but in vain, up and down the windy esplanade, and added, before she could speak again, "I don't see any carriages about, Isla. It is too early, I suppose for them. I wonder, dear, whether you could walk as far as the station?"

"Oh, yes, mamma—I can walk as far as the station, I'm sure!" said the little soul truthfully.

So we made our way towards the lower end of the town, the part of it where the station was situated, taking the back streets and meaner thoroughfares in order to avoid passing the "Black Stag" hotel.

At twenty five minutes to seven we had reached Thangate station. About a dozen people or so—all men—were waiting upon the platform for the first swift train up to town.

I went to the booking-office, Isla clinging to my gown and taking care of the bag meanwhile.

"One and a half, third-class, to Victoria," I said to the ticket-clerk, who looked cold, sour, and only partly awake. "Have we long to wait?"

"No—ten minutes. Train's due here 6.50."

He flung down the change and gave his attention to the next applicant, who, being a person who was going first-class, got more civility than had been accorded to me.

Fortunately the refreshment-room had just been opened, and there was time to buy a glass of milk and a stale sponge-cake for Isla. Then the rumble of the approaching train was heard, and we hastened out to take our seats.

The train—a long one—came slowly in, the engine hissing, passengers looking out of the windows, porters calling to one another and hurrying hither and thither. Then followed the usual groaning of wheels, the superfluous banging of doors; two or three rain-drops like big tears dashed upon the carriage window-panes; and with a striek we steamed out of the Thangate station.

"And—and are we going back to London then, mamma?" asked Isla, in her small puzzled voice; and I answered wearily—

"Yes, my darling—back to London. We have nowhere else to go!"

CHAPTER XXI.

NOT until nearly a month had gone by since my flight from Thangate and Daryl Darkwood could I arrive at any fixed determination with regard to my plans for the future. But that I must be up and doing for Isla's sake I knew well enough—must act, work—must earn some money in one direction or another; or else the just fate of all penniless idlers would assuredly overtake both me and my child, and we should starve. Therefore something must be done, and done, too, promptly—it was imperative.

Not a shilling more than I reckoned to be absolutely needful had I carried away with me from my husband's purse. The money was not his — Daryl's. Ah, no—not his—not mine! It was the money of—— I shuddered at the bare thought. The memory, the knowledge of the shameful truth, was nothing short of an intolerable pain. For many days after I had fled from Thangate I felt crushed—simply crushed—with the sense of my own degradation. I could do naught but brood over my ruined life, and weep vain tears for what was irrevocable.

Nevertheless my meagre stock of money could not be made to last for ever; and over and over again I told myself that something must be done.

The difficulty was to obtain work that would not take me away from Isla—at any rate in the daytime. There indeed was the rub. There was nothing that I could think of as being a means at all likely to the end I desired that would not necessitate a daily separation from my little delicate child; and that was impossible—at least I would not have it so if any effort of mine could avert so real a calamity.

And so in the end it came about that, after a sore tussle with the cherished convictions, the most sensitive feelings—perhaps foolish prejudices—of my womanhood, I determined to write to Mr. Binkworthy. To do this would cost me not a little; and yet, after all, who was I, I asked myself bitterly, that I should object to sing for the manager of the Levity—particularly now that to earn my daily bread—my own and my child's—had become a stern necessity of life?

Notwithstanding, in the first instance, I resolved to write to Miss de Vere. I asked the landlady however to be good enough to write the address upon the envelope; for the missive by mischance might fall under the notice of Daryl, and he would then, should he see it, of course recognise my handwriting.

So, I wrote to Aurora Ramage, and begged her to come and see me. I sent the letter to Chesterfield Avenue, Shepherd's Bush—for the autumn was now well advanced, and Miss de Vere's engagement at the Dome by the Waves must by this time have come to an end—and marked it "Strictly private." Her character was a staunch and a generous one. I knew that she was my friend, and could be trusted.

I had hidden myself in the neighborhood of Primrose Hill, for, quite by accident, some time before, I had heard a friend of Mrs. Ramage's say that furnished apartments were very cheap in the region lying north-west of Regent's Park.

The park in itself, too, was a recommendation; Isla and I there, along its shady and often quite deserted walls, could wander, if fine, every day of the week, and be troubled scarcely at all with a thought of our whereabouts being discovered.

No one, unless given a clue, would dream of looking for us at Primrose Hill; and London is at all times and in all circumstances the best hiding-place in the world.

I had found a dull, narrow, and rather hilly street—in fact, it was nothing more than a blind road, for it ended unexpectedly in a high and dreadful looking brick wall, suggestive, I used to think of a prison yard—which branched off from a better and a much more cheerful street, where there were numerous shops and several public-houses.

This dull blind road where I had found a lodging was called Bentham Street; and my landlady's house was the first that one came to in it—the first, I remember, upon the right-hand side.

Mrs. Sadler was a weary-looking, untidy widow; and two grown-up sons lived at home with their mother. One was a watchmaker, and worked near home; the other was a booking-clerk on the Underground Railway; and Mrs. Sadler lived in perpetual daily dread lest either or both of the young men should one day marry and go away from her and Bentham Street.

Life as it was was hard enough struggle for Mrs. Sadler; but without her lodgers and her grown-up sons it would be a desperate battle indeed.

The house was shabbily furnished and not in any wise remarkable for cleanliness; but I had got Mrs. Sadler's dining-room floor—a stuffy back bed-room and a front sitting-room opening into each other with folding-doors—for fourteen-and-sixpence a week, including gas and attendance; and so I must not grumble, I told myself over trifles.

At the outset I had deemed it best to tell the plain truth, and therefore I informed my landlady that I was a woman who was separated from her husband. But Mrs. Sadler evinced not the slighest astonishment. She merely nodded, sighed, and said, "How sad! It often happens so," and never in my hearing alluded to the matter again.

The day on which I expected Aurora Ramage to call in Bentham Street—for Miss de Vere had written me a hurried scrawl to the effect that she would answer my letter in person—was a gray and chilly October one.

The colors of the trees in the neighborhood of Primrose Hill were changing visibly day by day; soon would our favorite walks in the park be thickly strewn with brown and yellow leaves that now dropped sadly earthward through the moist and silent air. And the early morning now dawned always in mist; dully-gray evening mists heralded the cold night-shadows. The London sparrows shivered upon the damp and dripping boughs, and looked as if they were dismally aware that bleak winter and its hardships were near.

For my own part, I can never see the beauty of an autumn day, not even when the sun shines in a clear sky and the trees are richest in their wondrous tints. In spite of the sunlight there is sadness in the air; and to me Mother Earth seems melancholy and subdued at the prospect of her own decay. Spring is like youth—autumn like middle-age, one feels that the grave is within sight. Then comes cold winter, which is as dark death; and "our little life, rounded with a sleep," is gone!

To welcome Miss de Vere I had a nice cheerful fire burning in my dingy sitting-room, which made it appear quite cosy; and the tray and tea-things were all ready upon the round table drawn near to the hearth. In the morning I and Isla had gone out as usual, and had bought a new Bristol cake, and a bottle of port at a good wine-merchant's and also, at a florist's, a few autumn flowers wherewith to soften the gaudy glass vases which adorned the sham marble mantelpiece. Aurora had promised to be in Bentham Street at half-past four o'clock; and shrewd and practical people like Miss de Vere generally contrive to be punctual in keeping an appointment.

"And will papa come with Miss de Vere?" asked Isla.

"No, Isla."

"Nor yet Mr. Eversleigh, mamma?" said she more wistfully still.

"Oh, Isla," said I, catching the little fragile soul to my breast, "you must not ask so many questions! You have mamma, you know; and—and for the present, my darling, you must be satisfied with—with all the love that she is able to give you."

It was sometimes for me the most difficult matter conceivable to answer the child's questions in a way that would really quiet her. She was for ever almost plaintively asking why "papa and Mr. Eversleigh" did not come; and for hours at a stretch she would stand at the dull windows, just as she used to do at Thangate, patiently watching for the coming of Leigh.

She was at the window, standing, as was her wont, upon a hassock, this afternoon, now watching for the arrival of Miss de Vere. Perhaps Isla's soul was gladdened with some vague unlikely notion that Mr. Eversleigh might accompany Mrs. Ramage's daughter.

It was about three minutes to the half-hour after four when a hansom rattled up to Mrs. Sadler's door. Out of it, comfortably clad in her furs, briskly stepped Aurora. A few moments later she was with us in the passage, affectionately embracing my child and me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ECONOMICAL FILTER.—As the water of rivers near towns, or thickly inhabited places, is always impure from the organic matter contained in it, a filter should be used to cleanse it, for the use of pure water is as necessary to a long and healthy life as pure air and wholesome food. The generality of filters are above the means of the poor man; an economical filter (and yet perhaps one of the best, for its eminently purifying qualities) may be made in the following manner: Place a piece of flannel, cloth, sponge, or anything of a porous nature over the hole of a large flower-pot, a layer of small pebbles over that, then fill the pot rather more than half-way up with a mixture of fine silver-sand and charcoal bruised to a coarse powder, and put a flannel bag over the whole, reaching to the sand inside, and securely fastened to the rim of the pot. The water should be put in the flannel bag; and it will flow out rapidly and perfectly clear. The flannel into which the water is poured should be washed frequently, and the charcoal and sand changed every three months.

IF you want to succeed in life, be thorough in your work, whatever it is.

Bric-a-Brac.

EARLY BEDS AND BEDDING.—The beds of the ancients had, in general, few peculiarities to distinguish them from our own simple forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled the modern bedsteads of to-day; feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bed-clothing, in the luxurious periods of each nation, was nicely decorated with elaborate needlework. The Britons, when conquered by Cæsar, slept on skins, after the manner of the Indians; but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly-embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind.

WEDDING OMENS.—All superstitions of this class are of Pagan origin, and were retained in the Middle Ages with many others, which belonged more particularly to the spirit of Christianity. People then had recourse to all kinds of divination, love-philters, magical invocations, prayers, fastings, and other follies, which were modified according to the country and the individual. A girl had only to agitate the water in a bucket of spring water with her hand, or to throw broken eggs over another person's head, if she wished to see the image of the man she should marry. A union could never be happy if the bridal party in going to church met a monk, a priest, a hare, a dog, a cat, a lizard, or a serpent, while all would go well if it were a wolf, a spider, or a toad.

THE DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—The sun is 92,885,000 miles distant from the earth. This space is so vast, that it is not possible for us to form an idea of it from simply reading these figures. To help us to realise it in another way, a professor gives the following interesting illustrations. Suppose a man were to try and walk the distance—walking four miles an hour, and ten hours every day, he would take more than 6,300 years to reach his journey's end! Imagine a train running sixty miles an hour, day and night, without stopping, and the trip to the sun would need over 175 years. Again, as another puts it, if we imagine an infant with an arm long enough to touch the sun, and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, for the nervous shock would require more than 250 years to make the journey!

IN OTHER LANDS.—Let the Arab's wife be taken sick, and forthwith she is returned to her parents with the message, "I paid for a health woman, and cannot afford the support of a sickly one." Let the Siberian become dissatisfied with his wife, for any cause, and he has but to tear her cap from her head, and the marriage contract is dissolved. Let the husband of Sumatra but break a bamboo, in the presence of his wife and their relatives, and the divorce is effected. Or, let the Greenlander leave his home in apparent anger, and not return for a few days; the wife understands his meaning, picks up her clothes, and returns to her friends. Or let the South Sea Islander but speak the word, and the relation is dissolved, though no dislike of the wife to the husband can produce a separation without his consent. But a divorce is ruin to the female,—it dooms her irrevocably to scorn and universal contempt, and (with scarcely less certainty) to a life of vice and infamy.

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.—The terrific honors which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history by the interment of Attila, king of the Huns; and Alaric, king of the Goths. Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial! The Huns had done nearly the same for Alaric in 410, at Kosenca, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vasento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with a prodigious accumulation of riches. After having caused the river to reassume its usual course, they murdered without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

IN MEMORY OF.

BY S. S.

I.

Hard by the spot it lies where all ways meet
That lead to happiness or misery.
Within the shadow of a cypress tree
Embowered in fragrant flowers, Death's cool retreat,
And all untrodden by the noisy feet
Of youths and maidens, who with careless glee
Trip o'er the green of life right merrily,
And dream not love's sweet dreams, so sad and sweet!

For him they never know, gay giddy throng,
And heedless of this tombstone, old and cold,
So deep in shadow, and o'ergrown with mould!
Warm was this shepherd's heart, sweet was his song—
It filled the woods with music all day long—
Who now lies here, and thus his tale is told.

II.

O mother Earth, to him who cradled lies
For ever on thy breast, be gentle now!
And breathe, ye winds, soft lullabies and low,
Yet wake no echoes with your mournful sighs!
And while the sorrow of the silent skies
Distils in dew upon Rose's fallen foe,
Go, mourn, ye maidens! widow abroad your woe,
And fill the empty fields with wailing cries.

For Love is dead! by cruel maidens slain,
Who took his glorious all, then, sated, threw
The gift away. He thought of vengeance knew,
Nor to his brother-shepherds did complain,
But grew more silent, slowly passed away,
And sleepeth here until the judgment day.

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"FROM your dear papa, miss," said the housekeeper.

Mabel, with an inward shudder, opened the envelope and read—

"My dearest Child—Expect me to-morrow—Wednesday—when we will settle plans for your future comfort. I do not like you to live so much alone, and, as the doctors insist that you require complete change in order to recruit your nervous system, perhaps the best thing for you will be to reside for a time abroad; so, my darling Mabel, I propose to take you to a bracing part of Germany, where your sisters and Miss Gray will join you. I hope this will cheer you, and that you will begin preparations for your journey immediately on receipt of this. And so, my own precious child, adieu till Wednesday. Dick and all your sisters send their best and dearest love.

"Your affectionate father,
"RICHARD CHARLFORD."

Mabel's dread of the writer was increased tenfold by the assumption of affection contained in this letter and by the messages which she felt assured had never been sent—at least by Dick.

She grieved as she thought of her dear brother.

Where was he? Full well she knew that he would come to her if he could. And this proposal to send her to Germany, what did it portend?

Was she to be taken to some place out of England whence she could never return?

She prayed to Heaven that no adverse chance might mar that night's undertaking.

"And is your dear papa coming soon?" asked Mrs. Feathers, who was regarding her agitated face with some anxiety.

"To-morrow, Mrs. Feathers. He says something about taking me abroad; but I do not wish to go."

"No, no, miss; you're better here in England, near your own folks!" exclaimed the housekeeper, much disturbed at the idea of losing her easy post at the cottage.

It seemed an age before Mary came to ask if her young lady would like to go into the garden.

But at last Mabel was actually out under the November sky, and there was the presumed Jim Saunders lounging over his rake and barrow.

He hastened to approach her, holding some flowers in his hand. Mabel's emotion became almost uncontrollable.

The young man touched his cap to the tall, sad, slender girl before him, then smiled furtively at her attendant, who was impatiently waiting to exchange a word with him.

"Which are for me?" she whispered faintly.

"These," he whispered back, interposing himself between the young lady and her maid.

And, while the delighted Mary's eyes were fixed in astonishment upon the bunch of beautiful hot-house flowers presented to her, Mabel managed to slip into his hand the tiny note she had prepared, at the same time receiving the bouquet offered to her.

One look full of meaning was exchanged between the two whose hearts were so full of love for each other, then Mabel turned away, carrying her flowers in her hand.

While Mary lingered behind, she hastily unfolded the paper rolled round the stalks of the flowers, read the words written thereon, crushed the paper in her hand out of sight, and then came back again.

"Those are just the flowers I like," she remarked, addressing the young gardener. "It is quite right—what you have brought me."

"I'm very glad of that, miss. You may be sure that I shall always be proud to do anything you wish done," he returned, touching his cap.

"Well, Mr. Saunders," exclaimed Mary, "I'm sure you're one to know how to choose flowers for a lady! But the ones you've give me must have cost you a week's wages! I'm ashamed to think what you must have paid for 'em!"

"Nonsense, Miss Carter! Do me the honor of wearing them, and I shall be paid twice over. Let's see—at what time are we to be there to-night? Nine o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes—and mind you're punctual, Mr. Saunders," said Mary; then, remembering various small tasks still unfinished—for she had undertaken to improve the dress which Mrs. Feathers was to wear—she took leave smilingly of the young gardener, and, advancing towards her mistress, informed her that it was time to go in.

Mabel raised no objection. She was quite aware that they had been out but a few minutes, but what did that matter now?

"There is a change in her to-day: but I sha'n't say a word here nor there to Mrs. Feathers," thought Mary, as she moved with her patient towards the house. "However, Jane is just as well able to manage her as I, and better too, if she should do anything out of the common."

But there was little sign of that—indeed Mabel was even quieter and more obedient to the wishes of her attendant than ever.

When Mary announced dinner three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual, her mistress made no comment.

When the maid declared that it was too cold to go out, though the weather had become warmer since the morning, Mabel acquiesced.

When, towards tea-time, the clock was surreptitiously put on a whole hour, and Mary asseverated that Miss Charlford's watch must be wrong, for all the clocks in the house were the same, Mabel at once said that her watch should be regulated.

About seven o'clock in the evening Mrs. Feathers came in to say that Mary felt so poorly, she thought it best for Jane to take her place that night.

"Certainly, Mrs. Feathers. Tell Mary I am sorry she is not well. Is there anything she could take?"

"I'll see to her, miss," replied the good woman, and went off to dress Mary's hair for the dance.

Mabel, quick to guess what was going on below, hastened to secrete her precious letter—the proof of all that she had to impart to Neville—in the pocket of her cloak.

She worked in fear and trembling, but there was ample time for her to sew the letter within the lining of the side-pocket. There must be no delay when the moment for flight arrived.

Jane was in no haste to take her post in Mabel's apartment; she was too deeply engrossed in the pleasing task of dressing Mary for the ball.

When, half an hour behind her time, she knocked and entered, she found her young lady in bed.

"I was tired," said Mabel, in a sleepy voice.

But the dread of consuming any time in dressing when once Jane should be sound asleep had caused the agitated girl to hit upon the expedient of lying down ready for flight, having only to resume her dress.

With what intense agony of expectation Mabel lay there, waiting for the hour which was to bring her life or death! How still the house seemed!

How slowly the time was passing! Would Jane never come to bed? The enforced inaction was intolerable!

Nine o'clock! Mabel counted every stroke. Another two hours! Would they bring her freedom or closer imprisonment?

"I will kill me this time if I fail!" she said to herself, as she lay there.

Then, weary of counting the fea'en moments, her thoughts reverted to the discovery of the letter.

"And all this time we have never had a suspicion of the truth," she mused. "Oh, surely our instinct ought to have told us that man was not our father—did not belong to us! Oh, Dick, Dick, what will you say when you know it? And what will Caroline say when she knows that she has plighted her troth to a man in league with this deceiver?"

Hush! Was that the door below opening and shutting again? Were Mrs. Feathers and Mary starting for the dance? If so, Jane would appear almost immediately.

Hush! Surely they were fastening the house door! Was the key carried away? She prayed to Heaven that it was not. It was security enough to hide the key of the room which contained their prisoner.

Jane seemed to be such a long time coming; but Mrs. Feathers and Mary were delayed just at the moment of setting out by a note from Mr. Jim Saunders, brought by Fox the gardener himself.

It was addressed to "Miss Carter," and, with many expressions of regret, entreated her not to wait for him, as he should be fully two hours yet.

He had lost the key of the box containing his Sunday suit of clothes, and, after searching for it everywhere, had remembered leaving it with his friend William Mason, who lived a mile away.

He would run to Mason's house, the get key, dress, and follow quickly.

Mary was so vexed that she burst into tears, but, being rallied by her companion and cheered by the sight of her magnificent bouquet—which had indeed cost several shillings—she agreed to start with Mrs. Feathers, and allow Mr. Saunders to join them afterwards. At first she had declared that she would wait for three hours if necessary; but a little persuasion, joined to the thought of Bill Darby, decided her to start at once.

"Is Miss Charlford quiet, Jane?" asked the housekeeper, with a touch of anxiety, just before they set off.

"Quite quiet, and very sleepy. She is in bed already," answered Jane.

"Put the key under your pillow when you go to bed, and keep a sharp look-out," urged the elder woman.

"Like a lynx!" said Jane, laughing; and then she repeated her assurances to Mary that she looked "very nice," and the two women who had been so deeply concerned in Mabel's fate went away briskly in the starlight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE woman who was to replace Mary was usually a sleepy individual, and was quickly in bed when bed-time came; but on this night, whether from anxiety at being left in the house without Mrs. Feathers or from a wish to finish a story she had begun to read, she drew a screen forward so as to shade the candle, and sat down to her book instead of betaking herself to repose.

The priceless moments were slipping away. In a fever of anxiety Neville was watching outside for Mabel's appearance; and Mabel lay as if asleep, yet feeling as if sleep would never come to her again.

Midnight! Would Jane never put down the book? Was she going to sit up all night?

The sound of the clock striking the hour seemed at length to rouse her, and she went on tip-toe across the room, softly withdrew the key from the lock, and soon afterwards extinguished the candle.

Presently her measured breathing told that she was fast asleep.

Then Mabel sat up and listened in the silence.

It would not do to move just yet—a little more time was needed to let the maid fall into her usual heavy slumber; but, oh, how terrible to have to wait like this, while the minutes were flying by, bearing with them perhaps her chance of escape!

To lose this opportunity must be to lose all.

Not one of those surrounding her would consent to post a letter for her; and she had no money at hand with which to bribe any one.

Her father—no, no, the man who dared so to call himself!—would be with her with the morning light, and then how should she evade him?

But there was another thought mingled with all this dread in Mabel's mind—a thought which set her heart beating with hope; for, if her surmise was correct, the way was open for her.

Jane had certainly carried away the key carefully slung upon her finger—Mabel had not only heard but seen the woman do so, for she had watched furtively as she crossed the room—but, so far as Mabel saw, she had not locked the door before withdrawing the key.

Was it that she was too much absorbed in her book to notice the omission? Or had her sudden consciousness of the lateness of the hour flurried her?

Surely Mabel herself had made no mistake about this—surely the door was not locked!

It was not only Jane who was late in retiring to rest, thought the tortured girl, who was waiting for her guardians to be wrapped in slumber before she dared make her venture.

Mrs. Jones did not come upstairs till it was nearly midnight, shutting the door somewhat noisily after her—indeed the woman appeared to have been opening and shutting the doors all the evening.

At length silence reigned in the cottage, and Jane's deep breathing, amounting now to heavy snoring, announced that there was little danger that any ordinary noise would disturb her. Now was the time—now!

Hardly breathing, Mabel slipped from the couch, and in the dim light went softly across the floor and turned the handle of the door. Oh, what a moment was that in which she tried the lock and found her conjecture right! Jane had not locked the door, after all! It opened softly, without noise, without difficulty!

Mabel, trembling with hope and fear, could see into the dim passage beyond. Tic, tac—tic, tac—tic, tac! How loudly the hall clock seemed to tell out the minutes!

Mabel listened only to assure herself that Mrs. Jones was in her room, then in extreme agitation put on her dress, drew on the cloak containing the precious letter, and, without looking for hat or bonnet, glided towards the stairs.

Hush! Was that a movement below? For an instant she gasped with maddening fear, then recovered herself, feeling that her excitement confused her. Courage! In a little while now she would stand at the house door; there would be only the opening of it!

She prayed Heaven that Neville would not come knocking for admission, as she had counselled him to do.

She cast one frightened glance at the room which she had just quitted; then, holding by the balusters, descended to the ground floor. She had gained the hall, walking with slippered feet, when in an instant she became aware, by the smothered murmur of voices that there were others awake besides herself!—two persons at least in the little room which opened out of the hall close to the spot where she stood!

Then, by one of those swift intuitions which come in moments of supreme danger she divined the truth.

Her father, so called—her dreaded father—had arrived unexpectedly, bringing her uncle with him.

They must have come that evening, after she was supposed to be sleeping—after Mrs. Feathers and Mary had started.

No doubt Mrs. Jones had told some plausible tale concerning the absence of the housekeeper; and the sudden arrival of the two men was the cause of the constant shutting and opening of the doors which she, Mabel, had heard in the room.

All this flashed through her mind in a second.

Her intense fear made her deliberate for a moment; and in that pause the handle of the door turned.

They were coming out, they would meet her face to face—there was no time to retreat! She would never fly with Neville now!

With the calmness and hopelessness of complete desperation, Mabel took one step backwards, hiding herself behind several long cloaks that hung from pegs in the hall.

She gave herself up for lost however; the men would pass close to where she stood, and the cloaks could scarcely cover her enough to screen her?

The door opened, the step she too surely recognized sounded in the flagged hall. The man calling himself her father came first; her uncle followed.

"Wait one moment," said he, as the reputed Charlford was about to walk towards the stairs. "Don't do anything rashly. You seem to me to be losing your head."

"Boldness is best in such a case," hissed the other. "Let me get her safely out of England, and she shall never come back to scare me!"

"And suppose her sisters are importunate and insist on seeing her? There is Dick too on your hands; you cannot keep him away forever."

"I will!" broke savagely from the lips of John Charlford's companion.

"It will be awkward," said the other. "And what is to be done with Lane? You are mad to think of eluding his demands."

"Leave him to me!" said the presumed Charlford.

"Take care what you do!" urged uncle John. "Where is he at this moment?"

"At the old lodgings—nor is he likely to leave them till he either pockets the whole of his money or comes to my terms," was the answer.

"What are your terms?" asked John Charlford.

"Leave that to me!" rejoined the other.

"Filton, you alarm me when you adopt that tone," said uncle John.

"Do I? Then you had better go to bed—there is at least no cause to be alarmed to-night. Here we are under a snug roof in a free land; and, as we both mean to satisfy Mr. Horace Lane, we are secure. Your lovely niece slumbers above. What a joyful surprise for her when she meets us both at breakfast in the morning! Come, John, let's to bed; there is enough to do to-morrow, as you know. Lane is up to something which even I cannot fathom. He will want more gold from us—see if I am not right—and I mean to stop it."

Again John Charlford responded with the words, "Filton, you alarm me," and again the man so addressed laughed a low laugh of mocking defiance.

But all their conversation was carried on in a low murmur—any one less close to the talkers than was Mabel could not have followed it. Mabel, motionless from despair, clung to the wall for support.

"He has been the cause of all this; let him take the consequences!" continued the speaker, with suppressed rage. "What right had he to lead me such a dance? And what a foolish idea to meet me by your pool! Who could have dreamed of Mabel's being there? Her affection for that confounded brother of hers has been her ruin, and has cost you and me no small trouble!"

"And we shall have more yet if you are so headstrong," said John Charlford. "Why cannot you move on surer lines? Why cannot Mabel be placed in a private asylum in England? As for Dick, you should have hoodwinked him—you should never have resorted to means that may tell against you."

"Boldness is best," repeated the other man. "It is enough to make one act desperately when such a letter as we have lost is past tracing. I shall never be easy about it, though it was in German, and though probably the servants did put it into the waste-paper basket when they found they could not read it. I was never so amazed and horror-stricken in my life as when I went to burn that letter and could not find it anywhere."

"My impression is that it was burnt by accident. You must remember that I did burn one letter of Lane's—I must have thrown two instead of one into the grate. Don't be scared with that ghost; the thing is done and past."

"You were scared enough when we first discovered our loss!" cried the other scornfully. "And past doings bring results. Heavens, I am pursued with vexatious consequences! It is almost enough to make one believe in an avenging Providence."

"It does not do to think of that," broke in John Charlford.

"Think! I never think—I act," said the other. "Well, you must keep Lane quiet till I have disposed of Mabel. I'm off to

bed; I shall have a journey to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night," answered John Charlford abstractedly, without moving from where he stood. And there he remained, with eyes downcast, for three or four minutes after his companion had betaken himself to his room—remained in deep reverie, his brow furrowed with care. Presently a word or two escaped him.

"Dick is on my mind!" he muttered. "Dick will give us trouble. Filton is rash—very rash. I have lost confidence in him, and he has lost confidence in himself. And he is a bad man—a very bad man! He is meditating an evil deed now!"

Then the soliloquiser heaved a sigh—a weary, heavy sigh, as if his schemes for wealth had hardly brought him much to care for.

He moved two paces forward, then came to a stand-still again, hesitating as a person who had not yet fully made up his mind about some perplexing thing which he had to decide on.

"No one would ever guess the truth," he muttered again. "It was all cleverly managed; and years have rolled between. Lane would hold his tongue for his own sake. Why should I be so disturbed? Ah, if that letter was safe in my keeping, or if I could satisfy myself that the fire had consumed it, I would defy the world!"

He raised his head at this juncture, and Mabel, to whom hope had come back—for the probability was that, as his face was turned away from her hiding-place, he would not detect her—saw with renewed torture that he made another stand by the hall table.

"He had better have consented to leave Mabel where she is!" he went on, in a low tone. "Here she is safe—everybody thinks her insane; why cannot he let well alone? With Mabel disposed of in some obscure German village and Dick in South America, he thinks he will be secure. Madman—he will risk too much, and he will not listen to reason! Will Caroline be silenced? Will not even Netta and Miss Gray begin to ask where Mabel is, and why Dick does not come back? And he will come back—at last!"

Another weary sigh, telling of deep unrest within; and then he moved slowly with heavy step from the hall, and Mabel, hardly trusting yet that he would not come back, heard him ascend the stairs, and a door open and close again.

She had escaped such terrible dangers, such awful peril, that she said to herself success must reward her now.

Still she knew well enough that the least want of nerve, the slightest noise, might betray her.

Her hands were trembling so that she might easily let fall a bar or overshoot a bolt in her efforts to unfasten the house door.

Two or three nights before she had taken the precaution to secrete matches and a small piece of candle, but she did n't dare to strike a match whilst her uncle at least was awake in a room over the porch; yet, if she delayed, Jane might wake, discover that she had left the room, and rouse the inmates of the cottage. If so, discovery was certain.

In this agonising dilemma she felt softly for the lock of the door. Was the key in it?

Yes—Heaven be praised! The heavy handle of the huge key touched her fingers.

Oh for a gleam of light to enable her to take down the long bar which was one of the fastenings!

But she was in perfect darkness, with her heart beating almost to suffocation and her limbs shaking.

Two solemn strokes boomed out upon the night-air. Two o'clock! Dared she hesitate any longer? How many minutes had she remained there in deadly peril?

She was about to strike a match, and at all hazards make a dash for freedom, when she heard a door open above and a footstep—a man's footstep — descend the stairs.

Yes, yes, the footsteps were those of the man who called himself her father! All was lost then!

She was not to escape! Ah, he was returning to the hall! Farewell hope so sweet and fleeting! She could not dream of escaping detection this time.

With the blind instinct of despair, she groped her way back to her shelter, and then consciousness left her as she crouched against the wall.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Mabel reopened her eyes, the morning light was creeping into the hall from a window above. Daylight—and she was still where she had fainted, nor was the household yet astir!

Slowly recollection returned to her, and she realized how she had come there, and how it was that day was breaking and that she was in the hall instead of her own chamber.

Staggering to her feet, she listened for an instant, her senses sharpened by keenest terror.

One thing was clear notwithstanding all her bewilderment. On the next few moments hung her life's happiness!

Dick had in some manner been sent away from her to a distant land—she herself was to be taken far from England in a few short hours.

Tortured as she was by the doubt of not finding Neville, for the night had passed, and he had evidently not come to demand admission, as her note had enjoined him to do, she resolved to fly, to hide in some place till night again came on, and then to make for Wynmore Manor.

In the dim light she unbarred and unbolted the heavy door and slowly turned the key.

There, it was open, the cruel obstacle which had stood between herself and freedom; and Mabel tottered out into the chill air of the November dawn.

The light was very dim—under the trees it was yet quite dark, and the affrighted girl fled to the friendly shelter.

She had almost gained it when a hand was laid upon her shoulder and a man in very rough country garb stood before her.

She did not recognize him at first, so perfect was his disguise; but, when he said, in agitated tones—

"My darling, is it you indeed? I have watched for you all night!" she fainted a second time, but he caught her in his arms.

It was Neville who carried her to the fly which all this time had been either driven slowly up and down the grassy lane or drawn up by the roadside, awaiting what the driver believed to be a runaway couple, for Neville had fee'd him heavily whilst impressing him with this belief.

When Mabel unclosed her eyes once more, she became aware of the joyful fact that the vehicle in which she was seated was traveling swiftly, and that Neville was beside her.

"Oh, Neville, am I indeed free? Where—where are we going?" she asked hysterically.

"To my sister. Try to calm yourself, dearest—no one shall tear you from me. We are going to the village of Ulby, about ten miles on the road to London. There my sister's carriage will meet us—it is safer than a journey by train."

"Ah, Neville, you have saved me!" she ejaculated. "And I have such a tale to unfold! But you must not judge my words; I will show you the proof."

"And I had been taught to suppose that your reason was unsettled!" he returned, looking at her with deepest, fondest anxiety.

At Ulby Lady Effington's carriage—sent on the evening before to the little inn—received the pair, Neville having discarded his corduroy jacket and donned an overcoat which his foresight had provided.

Twenty miles farther on Lady Effington herself met them; and by nine o'clock Mabel, exhausted by all she had endured, was beyond the reach of any immediate danger.

"The first thing to be done is to give her food and let her sleep," said Lady Effington, regarding Mabel's white cheeks with anxiety.

"Food—rest? I must take neither till I have seen our family lawyer!" cried Mabel now in tears. "Dick is in danger, so are my sisters. But, Neville, how was it that you did not knock for admission when you found I did not join you? Did you know that my uncle and his friend had arrived?"

She could never again say "my father" in connection with the base deceiver who had so wronged them all.

"I was close to the house all the time. I saw them go in. I knew I dared not show myself as you proposed," said Neville: "but I could not leave the spot; and at last you came."

"Do not make her talk any more, Neville. Cannot you see she is exhausted?" observed Lady Effington.

"But I am safe now!" said Mabel faintly, and then she became unconscious.

* * * * * *

Whilst Mabel was driving towards the village of Ulby in the dim dawn, two women, both of them tired, and one of them much dispirited by the absence of him for whom she had looked in vain all night, were approaching the cottage from which Mabel had fled.

"To think of Jim Saunders never turning up after all!" exclaimed Mary for the twentieth time, in a tone at once dejected and wrathful.

"Well, it was a shame, to be sure!" said Mrs. Feathers. "He won't get another invitation in a hurry from me, I can tell you. Don't you so much as speak to him to-day, I sha'n't—not a word. There—we're just at home. I shall be glad of breakfast after our walk. Mr. Charlford ain't likely to be here till ten o'clock."

"No," replied Mary, still thinking of Jim Saunders.

They had almost reached the front entrance of the cottage.

Mary hastened on, and then perceived that the house door was open. Open at that hour! Why, it was hardly seven o'clock!

"Mrs. Jones is up early!" exclaimed Mary. "But whatever made her open the door this cold morning?"

With a foreboding of something wrong, Mrs. Feathers hurried after her companion.

All was still and dark, but there was light enough to discern overcoats and hats on the hall table—things not there when they had started for the dance on the previous night.

"Mr. Charlford has come," muttered Mrs. Feathers—"that's what has happened.

She hurried towards the kitchen, but it too was dark. It was evident that no one was astir.

Then both women went softly upstairs. And here they found another door open—the very one which should have been kept not only shut, but locked securely.

In real consternation Mrs. Feathers hurried into the bed-room.

"Jane," she called out, "Jane!" and then she glanced at Mabel's empty bed.

"Eh, did you call, miss?" said Jane, rousing herself from her long and comfortable sleep.

"Good heavens, what has happened? Where is Miss Charlford?" cried Mrs. Feathers, beginning to disembarrass herself of her finery.

"Miss Charlford!" exclaimed Jane, sitting up bewildered. "Isn't she here? The keys are safe under my pillow. How did you get in, Mrs. Feathers?"

"Walked in! Your door was open, and so was the hall door! Get up! When did the master come?"

"Last night, soon after you was gone, Mrs. Feathers; and him they call the doctor is with him. But where is Miss Charlford? Oh, what can she have been about?"

"She's run off, that's about it!" said Mrs. Feathers. "Quick—what did you and Mrs. Jones tell Mr. Charlford about me?"

"I said that you had a bad headache, and that Mrs. Jones had come to stay the night in case anything should be wanted. Change your dress; and he'll be none the wiser. But, gracious me, where can the young lady be?"

"I shall have to call up her father. Make haste and dress, I shall be ready in a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Feathers.

In a desperate fright the woman put on her every-day garments, roused Mrs. Jones, whose dismay almost equalled her own, and then knocked at Mr. Charlford's door,

"Sir, sir," she cried, "will you please to let me speak to you?"

Putting on his dressing-gown, he unlocked the door of his room and confronted Mrs. Feathers. The woman wore a scared look, and was trembling.

"Oh, sir," she gasped, "Miss Charlford ain't nowheres to be found!"

He stood speechless, horror-stricken at the danger to himself which these few words conveyed.

"She's gone, sir," cried the housekeeper—"gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the guilty man, staggering back, whilst his face grew ashen. "Gone!"

Then, rousing himself to action—

"Search the place! She has no money, no valuables; she cannot have gone far. Why wasn't the door locked? Who has had access to her?"

"Not a creature has she seen, sir; we've lived like hermits!" cried Mrs. Feathers. "I wouldn't so much as take the poor young lady for a walk along the lane, we've kept to the garden. And her door was locked last night, and the key put safe under the maid's pillow, same as any other night. But, all the same, the door was open this morning, though the key was under the pillow, and the house door was open too; and Miss Charlford was to be seen nowhere."

"The house door open? It was shut and barred at two o'clock this morning."

Then, striking his forehead—

"Don't stand there, woman! Rouse the house, search the place," and he shut the door in her face.

"Woman indeed," she muttered, as she retired. "Let him keep a civil tongue in his head! It was awful dull here for the poor young lady; I'm almos' glad she has got off."

John Charlford was awake when the hasty summons at his door roused him also to the fact that something had happened.

"Miss Charlford has escaped, run away hours ago!" said Mrs. Feathers, making her communication as abrupt and uncomfortable as possible.

She had ample reason to be satisfied with the effect of her words, for her listener stared at her fixedly, while his very lips became livid; then, without speaking a word, he sank down upon a seat and groaned.

"Maybe she's not got far, sir, with no money to help her on the road, nor no jewels. You might hear news of her at the railway-station, she must have gone that way," added the woman.

Her words roused the wretched man.

"Send instantly for Fox!" he cried, drawing on his boots as he spoke.

Mrs. Feathers hastened to despatch Mary on this errand.

She had taken off her white dress and the flowers that she wore, and put on her workaday garments.

With fast-beating heart the girl hurried through the chill air along the miry lane which led to the gardener's dwelling.

"I wonder what excuse he'll make?" she thought, looking up at the windows, had thinking not of Fox, but of Jim Saunders.

Mrs. Fox was up, and had lighted her fire.

Her husband too, who looked well despite his late attack of rheumatism, and finished breakfast, and seemed about to go out. It was he who opened the cottage door to Mary.

"I was just starting to come up to your place," he said. "Is anything the matter?"

"Matter enough!" cried the girl, sinking upon a chair. "Miss Charlford has run off, got clear away!"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the man, as if thunder-struck, though he recalled his suspicion of something being in the wind when a short time back a handsome young laborer had come to his door and told him that he wanted lodgings for a time, and, beside that, a job of gardening "up at the cottage."

Fox had answered that he worked there himself.

"Ay," returned the other; "but couldn't you manage to have an attack of rheumatics just for a week or so, and to send me in your stead, all on the quiet, you understand? I am willing to pay twenty-five pounds down, and twenty-five more when you've helped me in a small matter or two. Eh, Mr. Fox? I think we can do business together. You courted a pretty girl yourself when you were young."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCHOOL FOR DOGS.

One of the most striking evidences of the general progress of the nineteenth century is given by the announcement of a college for dogs, which I read lately in an Austrian newspaper. I was sitting in the large smoking room of the Grand Hotel in Vienna, when my attention was attracted by some lines on the last page of one of the most pessimist of these journals—"Scientific Education for Dogs."

At first I laughed at it as a joke; but when I read the article through a second time, with the name of the principal and the address of the institution, I shook off my lethargy, and hastened out to investigate the truth of the matter.

The institution was not difficult to find, as it is situated in one of the most fashionable streets of Vienna, and, after a short walk, I read, written in staring letters, above the entry of a large house, "College for Dogs."

My hand seized the bell, and a shrill "ting ting" was immediately followed by a tremendous bow-wow in every imaginable key, which re-echoed through the whole house. A firm step was heard in the entrance, and then a whizzing sound, followed by a deprecating whine, reached my ears; then all was silence.

The man who opened the door cast an inquiring glance towards the ground; but when he saw that I was not accompanied by even the smallest mite of a dog, he raised his head and interrogated me.

I soon explained my errand, and was at once introduced to the director, who, no doubt impressed with the interest I evinced in his invention, immediately showed me over the establishment.

This was most complete in every particular, and consisted of a large general school-room and classrooms for separate lessons, bath rooms, gymnasium, dormitories, and spacious recreations; nor must I forget the large and commodious dining hall, where the most perfect cleanliness and propriety were inculcated, and it was curious and amusing to hear the reproachful growl from some of the older pupils whenever a heedless young puppy so far forgot himself as to remove a bone from his plate to the floor.

After some preliminary explanation, the proprietor led me through the different school-rooms, where the pupils were at work, and I heard with regret that my favorite dogs, the mastiff and the grey hound, were on the lowest form; it seems they have neither emulation nor ambition.

The schoolmaster in passing cast a severe look on a quarrelsome group of pupils who were waiting their return for rehearsal. We then passed on to the room for beginners, where he further explained his plan for education. The physical and moral faculties are cultivated simultaneously, though in many cases the latter are necessarily much neglected.

Each pupil spends a couple of months in the college, and after the term he passes an examination, at which he nearly always obtains his certificate of proficiency. The corporal exercises commence with the difficult performance of walking on a rolling cask, and extend to the high art of dancing. During my visit I saw two poodles who waltzed in a most elegant manner to one of the most lively melodies of Strauss, and one who even surpassed the great Blondin himself by walking without a pole along a tightrope.

For mental exercise, especial attention is given to arithmetic as the basis of all real science. While I was there an assistant teacher was just explaining to an attentive class the first rules of addition; and many a hound would be vainly grinding over a simple figure, whilst a shrewd little pug put together with astonishing quickness different bits of paper on which were written the numbers his professor asked for.

All the different varieties of dogs are represented in this fashionable college, and the manager never grew weary of repeating to me the usefulness of his establishment. I was quite carried away by his eloquence, and blessed the progress of civilization.

I began to picture to myself, for instance the advantage we should enjoy when no longer forced to employ a game counter, depending entirely on the memory of our faithful hound, when all at once a terrible thought struck me.

Who knows if the recollections of having helped us to commit so many murders will not all at once make a coward of our fiery companion, and that the native hue of his resolution will not be sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Be that as it may, I highly recommend this useful and unique establishment to all ladies who have canine pets, for progress is the device of our century, and it must undoubtedly be confessed that it would be a great pleasure to associate with such highly cultivated dogs.

But, while commending all the advantages of this system, a profound pity seized my heart for our four-footed friends when I looked at the stern features of the schoolmaster, who must have suffered many cruel experiences of human stupidity before deciding to devote himself to this branch of tuition.

His thin, compressed lips promised no indulgence for his unhappy pupils, and his sinewy hands looked as if they might be constantly occupied in using the whip that he always carried with him.

M. S.

JUDGE NOT.

BY J. C.

Perchance the friend who cheered thy early years
Has yielded to the tempter's power;
Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,
As though her very touch would do thee hurt?
Will thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?

Perchance the one thou trustedst more than life
Has broken love's most sacred vow;
Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife
Is he who beareth best the burden of life,
And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.

Sing the great song of love to all, and not
The wailing anthem of thy woes;
So live thy life that thou mayst never feel
Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel
"Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes."

ONE ONLY.

BY EDWIN WHELPTON.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

KATE was grateful enough. She had felt herself a culprit. She fully appreciated the unselfishness and worth of her intended; that he was bent upon striving his utmost to make her life harmonious she was certain.

But she could not help a feeling of sadness, of disloyalty, of dread, lest, with all her delaying, she should live to wish that she had been firm, even if it had come to a rupture, and her stay at dear Laverdale become impossible.

James Towers, preux chevalier as he was, pretended not to detect the resignation.

She was to look over Winghill, everything was to be to her wish. He confided to her that little had been done at the place for years.

He had dreamed of her giving expression of opinion with regard to this and that room.

The house wanted renovating, and he gave her carte blanche. She was not to be afraid of outlay, for years his expenditure had fallen short of his income.

Her future husband's kindness was almost too much for poor Kate. With difficulty she restrained her tears, they were caused as much by her own misery. She felt herself so unworthy.

She attempted to shirk the onus of opinion and direction.

"What will please you, James, will please me."

"Are you sure, Kate?" said he, his eyes glistening; "but that is not it. What do I know about household matters? I don't know whether I have taste. A man cannot know like a woman. I want you, in my ignorance, to help me."

The squire passed slowly from house to house.

"After all," said he to his wife, as if at one time doubtful, "Kate will be comfortable. Lansquenet was a flighty kind of fellow, he might have turned out wild. Now, Jim is steady and sensible, from toe to crown. A woman is safer with a fellow of his stamp."

Poor squire, changeable as the vane over the stables! The day was approaching when Kate would be taken off his hands.

He had settled in his mind, after protracted cogitation, what his present should be to the newly married.

It was the day before the wedding, and bustle was at its height. The postman delivered the bag and adjourned to the servants' hall for his customary horn or horns of ale.

The squire emptied the bag on the hall table, and commenced to sort out the letters. It was the infancy of the penny post.

A letter for Kate! Who could be her correspondent? London! From whom there? The squire held the watered sheet between his fingers, and looked at it in various ways.

The handwriting seemed familiar, though he could not be sure he had seen it before. The squire was not one to be unduly curious about other people's business, but he would have liked to know who it was writing to Kate.

No female correspondent, for it was a man's hand. The squire's mind was not the readiest, he was not one to jump at a likelihood.

His nature was somewhat bovine: strangers sometimes mistook him for a tenant farmer, and were confounded and startled discovering that he was the squire.

Kate Gresham descended the staircase, she almost caught her uncle in the act of scrutinising her letter. The squire was almost put to the blush. Awkwardly he handed it to her.

"Kate, there is one for you this morning."

"For—for me?" questioned she, incredulous.

"Yes, why not?" returned the squire, with a smile; "letters are now for every one. The changes in the world are enough to take one's breath away."

Kate looked very closely at the handwriting and staggered against the balusters.

"What—what's the matter?" ejaculated the squire, seeing Kate's face overspread with a sudden pallor. She appeared about to faint.

By an effort of will she recovered herself. "It is from Gerald!" moaned she.

"From Gerald?" gasped the squire. "Dear, dear! Good heavens! what's to be done?"

"You must excuse me: I feel that I must return to my room, to read it."

"Of course, of course," murmured the squire commiseratingly. "Who ever could have anticipated this?"

The squire went in to breakfast, but he was too agitated to eat.

"What is the matter, Christopher? you've no appetite," remarked Mrs. Barbecue solicitously. "And Kate, why can't she come? the bell rang fully ten minutes ago."

"She will be here presently — perhaps."

"Perhaps? What is the matter with her?"

"Ever so much is the matter," said the squire with plaintive misery. "I've just given Kate a letter. She just looked at the writing, and I thought it was going to upset her. She says it is from Lansquenet. Confound the fellow! Confound the penny post! What will be the upshot of it all?" demanded the squire, in despair.

"Why, nothing," said Mrs. Barbecue calmly; "she will marry James Towers, now it has gone so far; the house is all ready, everything prepared for the wedding."

"I don't know so much about that," contested the squire irritably. "It has been plain sailing lately, but I think it will be rough weather directly. It is very well to be decisive when you are not the party concerned."

"Gerald Lansquenet can't expect that every one will make way for him. After his long and unaccountable silence, he cannot be surprised to find Kate committed with another lover."

"That may be sound logic, Jane, but my little experience of such matters even, leads me to a conviction that logic has little to do with love affairs."

"If she throws James Towers over, it will be the talk of the country side."

"Poor Jim! I'm afraid he has all his troubles before him," the squire groaned aloud.

"You mustn't harbor such thoughts, however; you mustn't let her see that you do. She may think she has license to play fast and loose. You must look as if you fully expected her to be honorable."

At that moment a servant brought in a message—Miss Gresham was unwell, and would keep her room.

"She's knocked over," groaned the squire.

"I will go up and expostulate with her."

"No, no, Jane, leave the girl alone," said the squire dictatorially. "Leave the girl for a little time. She needs sympathy more than expostulation."

The squire's veto had never been questioned, nor was it this time. Mrs. Barbecue had forgotten herself.

She kept her seat, her face immobile, but she had her thoughts. Kate was her husband's niece, she was therefore tongue-tied.

The hour following, the squire had a mind to get out of the way! He dreaded the sight of James Towers coming up, unconscious of what had happened. But he could not get away.

He was in and out the house, and about the grounds, wandering like an unshrived spirit.

James Towers might come, he was sure to come, he never missed a day. He did not particularly wish to see James, but he was curious to see whether he would come. At sight of Towers he would wish he were out of the way.

"Ah!" ejaculated he, meeting the page-boy, "where are you going?"

"To Winghill, sir," answered the boy touching his cap.

The intelligence deprived the squire of speech. He waved the boy on and turned on his heel.

James was being sent for! It was a critical time. Well, whatever happened, James Towers must absolve him.

James Towers had a horse saddled, and was at Laverdale before the lad. He galloped across.

The squire, hanging about, was surprised. He felt that he must exonerate himself.

"Good morning, Towers. Kate's sent for you, I suppose. Pretty to-do! Chut! chut!" blundered he. "She's had a letter but I know no more. I thought I'd prepare you. Go in, I have to go to the gardener. I'll lead your horse round."

James Towers was ushered into the drawing-room; Mrs. Barbecue, after the snub from her husband, resolving not to be seen.

Kate Gresham appeared before he could seat himself. James Towers held out his hand, looking very earnestly into her eyes.

Her expression, her manner, the slight grasp of her hand, disturbed him a good deal.

"Kate, what is wrong? Tell me the worst, don't keep me in suspense."

"Gerald will be here to-day," she said with an effort.

Without comment, James Towers walked to the window, to gaze abstractedly out of it.

His back was towards her, and she could not tell how the intelligence had affected him. That he was exercising great self-control she was certain, his silence suggested so much. He turned at last.

"Kate, what is it you require of me?"

"My freedom," was on the tip of her tongue, but she could not bring herself to utter the words. James Towers's face was well under control, though it was pain-drawn.

The calmness of his tone indicated suppression of deep feeling. He was not cold, he was kindness itself. Without a word, she handed him Captain Lansquenet's letter.

James Towers again turned to the window. He read it with such slow deliberation, Kate Gresham almost worked herself up to the agony point.

"Sit down, Kate, there is no need for you to stand," he said, breaking off at the first line.

He handed back the letter.

"I suppose you wish our wedding to be put off, cancelled?" said he, looking out of the window.

"I promised to wait for him. I promised to be faithful. I was constrained to believe him dead, I—I——" but here Kate Gresham could proceed no further, her agitation was so great, her voice died away.

"I see, I could understand your reluctance. I understand it now. You are not compelled to marry me. I cannot force you ——"

"Had this reached me to-morrow it would have killed me."

"That does not speak well for me," said he, with some bitterness.

"I was truthful with you, James," asserted she.

"You were, Kate," returned he chivalrously. "Your old love is not dead. I do not see in his letter any trace of unworthy excuse. All in it is feasible, probable, the truth without doubt. Kate, you are free, unconditionally. Of course something of this must come to his knowledge, it would be unwise to try to keep him in the dark. When he knows all, if he is the man I take him to be, it will make no difference to him. The report of his death, its confirmation, the long interval, will excuse us all. You shall not have the embarrassment of my near presence, I will leave Winghill for a time. Ah, there is the squire; I will speak to him, it will relieve you."

"How good you are! I don't know that I shall marry at all. I shall probably leave Laverdale. I have sufficient means to live upon. You, James, will marry some one more worthy."

"I think not, Kate."

James Towers's hand was on the door, he paused a moment, and stammered a little.

"Kate, if Lansquenet takes all this in a wrong spirit, why, I shall not cry off, I will return. I will wait another twelve months, ten years. But I don't think it very likely."

He held out his hand. Tears stood in her eyes.

"You are the most generous, the most unselfish of men," murmured she.

"I am only just to you."

James Towers lifted her hand to his lips, relinquished it, and was gone.

He stood for a moment outside the hall door, then catching a glimpse of the squire, hurried towards him. The squire, obeying his gesture, waited, then accompanied him to the stables.

The squire walked by James's horse as far as the lodge, and, to judge by their faces their talk was grave. When James Towers was out of earshot, the squire relieved himself of a prodigious sigh.

Whatever James Towers had said, the squire was influenced by it. He had a few moments' conversation with his niece, and strenuously opposed her departure under any circumstances.

"You have no business to run away from Lansquenet. I must say Towers has behaved well. He is going away. He thought it would be better for him to be out of the neighborhood."

Kate was sobbing, to the squire's great discomfort. He left her sobbing.

"Confound the fellow turning up!" he muttered as he left her. "What business had he to come to life again?"

An hour later he had turned the matter over in his mind.

"If he be ready to carry out the understanding, why, after all, it may be best," soliloquised he. "James Towers is a sensible fellow. To hold a woman to her word when she has a hankering after another fellow, would be most unwise. Baccarat's dead, and Lansquenet's brother has the title. I think if she marries Gerald, it will settle all the talk quickly."

For two months, James Towers scanned the announcement column of the *Times*. He found at last what doubtless he had been looking for.

"On the 28th June, 18—Captain Gerald Amyas Lansquenet, 04th Dragoons (Queen's Own) brother and heir presumptive to the present Lord Baccarat, of Bilyards, county Nottingham, to Miss Kate Barbecue Gresham, only daughter of the late Adolphus Tidd Gresham, Esq., and niece of Christopher Barbecue, Esq., of Laverdale, county Lincoln."

The Laverdale squire was astonished at the magnificent service of silver that came from an unnamed well-wisher.

He was surprised when, some weeks later, he received a communication from James Towers. Winghill was to be sold. He gave the squire the refusal.

How often the squire had broken the tenth commandment, wishing Winghill his! With it, the estate would be brought into ring fence.

The house would make a capital dower-house, a residence for the future squires of Laverdale.

There was consultation with Mrs. Barbecue, who had money in the funds, with lawyers. In the end, Winghill became a possession of the Barbecue family, and the residence of Francis Barbecue, Esquire.

CHAPTER IV.

NO, thank you, not another glass. It's my time, ten o'clock. I sit up with the old gentleman until two. Before yesterday, if I wasn't there to the minute, the old gentleman would be swearing. Fancy, the way he's fixed, that helpless, and he may be taken any minute. Folks must keep time, even in getting up or going to bed. Anything go wrong, it's 'What the be-devil' this or that, that I should say the word. But yesterday an old lady come, her head all of a niddle-noddle. Mrs. Boston didn't seem over-well suited at first, Henry told me.

"She wouldn't give her name, and insisted upon seeing the old gentleman. Mrs. Boston didn't know who she was, and she said Mr. Towers was confined to his room, and didn't see anybody. The old lady stamped her foot and said, 'I shall see him if he is in bed, get you gone.' Mrs. Boston was fine and rank at being talked to like that, I can tell you. Mrs. Boston looked round, and the old lady was following her. The old man can hear and see, and he has all his wits, if he has to be lifted about like a baby.

"As soon as he hears a fresh foot and catches a glimpse of another woman, he begins 'What the be-devil!' and then he stops, and the old lady gets before Mrs. Boston and down she goes on her knees. 'Don't you know me, James?' and he says 'Kate!' Mrs. Boston said his voice did tremble.

"They'd known one another before—that's certain. Then the old lady turned round and looked at Mrs. Boston, and the old gentleman looked too, and, said he, 'Boston, you can go.' The old lady's going to stop, Henry says, she says to look after after the old man and be company for him. She's a real lady, a widow lady, and they calls her Lady Backerout. Anyway, the old gentleman's been like a lamb since she come."

The ears of the most lowly are titillated with anything that sounds like a romance, the narrator can always gain a respectful and attentive hearing.

No one questioned the veracity of the little man's story. As penetrating the house of the wealthy and exclusive Mrs. Towers, some of the awe in which the rich old man was held seemed to settle upon the assistant watcher.

The little man could not of course give further details, but they can be supplemented.

When the two old people were left together, there came a revulsion of feeling. Mr. Towers was shrewd, too shrewd. What had impelled Lady Baccarat to seek him out? She had never loved him.

At their time of life, sentiment, romance, was ludicrous. When people grow old, if their desire to inherit is less keen, they think of their brood or their brood's brood.

They hold the candle to carmudgeons, prompted by affection for, or interest in, descendants.

He had made his will, he wondered if this visit would cause him to alter it. He had a hatred for the calculating.

Had Kate become mercenary, a happy thought occurring to her that she might trade on an old tenderness? He had done well in the world, he had not stayed at home to gather money.

When Winghill was sold, he had used the money in the way it was gained, in trade, in speculation. He had amassed money in South America, in the manufacture of nitrates, in mining ventures.

Returning to England, he had been successful on the Stock Exchange. Money begets money.

Here and there a lavish country gentleman owed relief to a mysterious Mr. Towers, whom he never saw, the advances being made and business done by a go-between.

James Towers had kept his ears open; he came to know a great deal of the Baccarats' difficulties, that Kate Gresham had lived to become Lady Baccarat, and that her life was not one of roses.

The ardor of the impassioned lieutenant had cooled down; she had lived to experience neglect—worse.

Added to this, his infatuations, recklessness, follies, compelled him from time to time to seek relief. A mad passion for race-horses reduced the amount of his rent-roll to a shadow, the spendthrift dying almost a pauper peer.

To Gerald Lansquenet, Lord Baccarat, the useful Mr. Towers had been a name only.

He had no recollection of acquaintance with a person bearing that cognomen. Lord Baccarat was not a husband, either, to take a wife into his confidence.

She came to know that Bilyards was mortgaged to close upon its full value; but the family lawyers would no doubt have resented her curiosity, had it led her to seek further information.

She was simply the dowager, and Simon, with the lawyer's aid, had to fight his battle.

Did Lady Baccarat know that Bilyards was her son's almost on sufferance? It would require something not far short of a miracle to enable the present Lord Baccarat to relieve himself of his incubus. Unconsciously Lady Baccarat soon absolved herself of mercenary motives.

"Don't think, James, I have never thought of you all these years; I have time and time again. After you sold Winghill I did not know what had become of you. I did not hear anything of you for years. The squire could not tell me anything, nor Frank Barbecue. I've had my troubles; Baccarat managed things badly. If it wasn't for my poor little fortune which he couldn't touch, I think I should now be in the workhouse.

"Half Simon's time is spent among lawyers. He has to scheme and scheme to keep a roof over his head. He wonders what

will be the end, he's inclined now to turn down his thumb. I think Bilyards is a case for the Settled Estates Act," murmured she despondently, tapping her foot agitatedly; "it must have come to something of the kind, Scripsits our lawyers say, but for the reasonableness of those who hold the sword over our heads.

"Ah, Bilyards was an expensive place to keep up; Gerald got it clear, but he would keep it full. He couldn't live unless he was surrounded with people: and such people. Those race-horses, those race-horses — I couldn't meet some of his friends, it was impossible, and Gerald resented it. Oh, I've had a life of worry and loneliness, James, I've had no one that I could confide in.

"Gerald never told me anything. I didn't know until he died that things were so bad. It doesn't matter to me, at my time of life, whether I have money or not, so long as I don't perish of hunger and cold. I have clothes sufficient to last me. But one can't help but feel anxious about those we have to leave behind. I give my children all I can, and they will get what I have, little as it is."

"Do you live with your son, then?" asked her vis-a-vis brusquely.

"I live anywhere," said Lady Baccarat. "I came down to Laverdale for a week or two, Frank Barbecue told me you had been living here some years. When he told me you were an invalid, I felt I must come to you. James, you were very good to me; I come to offer to look after you, for the sake of old times.

"I can confess, now I'm an old woman, that I've often thought I chose the wrong man. You would never have left me to myself for six months at a stretch. But when one is young, one must be seized with an infatuation. I'd set my heart on Gerald Lansquenet, and perhaps had he remained Gerald Lansquenet to the end of the chapter, I should have had a happier life.

"I'm told you haven't squandered your money, but I can contribute to the household expenses. If you hired a lady housekeeper to sit with you, and wait upon you and read to you, you would have to pay a salary. It will be cheaper to have me, you know."

The veins in Mr. Towers's forehead began to show, his eyes glinted, his lips became compressed, he was near upon exploding with wrath.

"Pay for your keep?" growled he; "have you come then to insult me?"

"No, no, James; I only want to show you how anxious I am to stay, to repair my cruel treatment of you, years back."

"Why should you think it cruel treatment?" demanded he; "you acted conscientiously. It would have been cruel treatment had you taken me, liking somebody else better. Do you think I could have taken you, knowing that you were hankering after another man? You can stay," said Mr. Towers gruffly. "I'll tell Boston. Boston's a dunce, and I'm lonely. I have had nobody to talk to me for years. I can't talk to my man, nor yet to the soapy whipper-snapper who comes to relieve him, and see that I don't choke in a fit, or anything come to me in my sleep. You can stop, Kate."

Public opinion in the small town where Mr. Towers had taken up residence went now to the conviction that old Mr. Towers was more highly connected than had been supposed.

He had been respected for his supposed fabulous wealth, but for all that, he had been regarded as an exclusive money-grub.

The appointments of his house were good, everything betokened ample means; but before he was stricken he kept little company.

Those who went to his house were people who would not go anywhere. Still, when asked to contribute to anything, his cheques, though he gave them with a growl or in silence, astonished the Browns.

The appearance of Lady Baccarat created a sensation; but ere long, the impression that she was a blood relation, come to look after his comforts and cheer him with the thought that he was not wholly in the hands of strangers, received another qualification.

She had an eye on the loaves and fishes. The last Lord Baccarat, her husband, had pawned the estates. Was not the present peer poor as Job?

"I've had a letter from Simon, poor fellow," said Lady Baccarat one day to her old lover, who day by day became more feeble; "he is very despondent. He has an idea of cutting off the entail; it can be done. His boy will be of age in a few months, and the dear lad, who ought to be having an establishment of his own, is willing and wishful to help his father all he can.

"Simon thinks he would be freer without the millstone—he could go out. He thinks he could get an appointment, now his party are in power—a governorship or something. If that failed him, go to New Zealand. Stephen has been trying to learn farming from books, and what he can see riding over the farms. He has been cultivating the acquaintance of the farmers. You are a man of business, James; what would you advise? I shall have to answer Baccarat."

"I should hold on if I were he," said old Mr. Towers faintly. "He may see his difficulties in the worst light. They are not forcing him into a corner? no? Once the estate goes, its recovery is another matter. When is his son of age?"

"In a few months, I believe."

"He can't do anything until the boy can sign. It's not for me to lay down the law, Kate, but were I in his place, I should stick to Bilyards."

"It is very well for you to say so," said Lady Baccarat, with a shake of her head; "but you know affairs are desperate. You know you sold Winghill."

"I did. I had a cause," said the old man, meeting her eyes plaintively. "You can write, Kate, and give it just as my advice."

It was almost an appeal, he appeared nervously anxious.

"Well, I will. He wonders now why I am here so long. He will wonder who Mr. Towers is."

"I don't think, Kate, you will be here much longer," said he meaningly, but with sad resignation.

"James," said Lady Baccarat sternly, but with tears in her eyes, "you are got low. You must not give way. I am hoping to stay with you a long time."

"You will not go—while I live?" he asked.

"No," said she, her voice breaking down, conviction confronting her. "I don't know that I should find a better home. Besides, I feel that I owe you more than you will bring yourself to think."

"The debt is paid," said the old man tenderly, laying his hand upon hers. "I think I am under obligations now, Kate."

"The old gentleman won't last till morning," said the assistant watcher, dropping in at the "Vintners' Arms." "I keep going, but I'm not wanted, the old lady won't leave him. She and Mrs. Boston take it off and on. The old lady has a bed in the dressing-room, and Mrs. Boston has orders to call her the moment there's a sign of danger. Ten o'clock—it's my time, I must go; I must be there if I'm wanted."

At that moment Mrs. Boston hurried into the dressing-room.

"Mr. Towers is awake, and asking for you, my lady."

Lady Baccarat, with all expedition, returned to the bedroom. Mrs. Boston partially closed the door after Lady Baccarat, and opened the other door. She stayed to listen.

"Are you there, Kate, or is it Boston?"

"It is I, James."

"I am at the end of my journey, Kate," said he faintly. "I have been so glad you came."

"And I am glad I came, dear James. The memory of my stay here will be with me to the end of my life. I shall soon follow you."

"Move the lamp, I cannot well see you, or it is my eyes that fail me, there, it's better. Do you know what I have been trying to fancy these past weeks?"

"No," said Lady Baccarat, her head shaking more, her chin and hands tremulous.

"That my lonely life has been all a dream," said he, smiling as if to himself; "that, after all, you and I did marry, and that we have been together all our lives. It is partly true, Kate, for you have been always in my thoughts."

"And I have often thought of you, James. From that day I was certain that you were a nobler than I. I felt, I can confess it now, you were a nobler man than Gerald. But it is the way of the world. Love is blind. James, I might have come to you sooner."

"You would have married me, old though we might be?"

"I would, James, if it would have pleased you, or caused you to think I was doing what lay in my power to brighten your life."

"That is a comfort to a dying man. I have always loved you, Kate. I love you yet, now, never more ardently. Kiss me, Kate; in a few moments—in a few moments—it will all—be over."

Lady Baccarat stooped over her old and faithful lover to comply with his wish. He was just conscious of the act.

The moment after, gazing on his face, her eyes near, it seemed to her that she saw a wave of restfulness and peace steal over it.

There was the slightest tremor, then she knew that her constant lover was dead. It was an unconsidered impulse, but her fingers piously closed his eyes.

She had not wept for years, but all the tenderness of her nature was stirred to its depths. She fell upon her knees sobbing, then hearing a tap at the door, she rose.

"Boston?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You can come in. Mr. Towers is dead. You must see to everything; I shall stay, though, until after the funeral."

When the bell of the parish church tolled, people hurried to the steeple, merely to confirm an impression.

If a man be rich and solitary, the natural sequel to this, is looking forward to the day of the funeral, how he has disposed of his money.

If this be a matter of moment to outsiders, what must it be to those who can claim a remote tie of blood?

But it was never clearly known how Mr. Towers had bequeathed his money, only that his old servants had annuities: but the Baccarat entail was not cut off, and old Lady Baccarat was in a position to assert to the invidious, who say spiteful things, that her visit had nothing to do with this.

The date of Mr. Towers's will showed it to have been made long before her decision to seek out her old lover.

[THE END.]

THE best-beloved wife of the King of Dahomey weighs, it is said, 530 pounds, and has two maids whose exclusive duty it is to wait upon her.

THE MAKING OF TEA.

The way in which tea is made is as follows: The leaves are picked, the picker having a basket slung by a cord round his neck, leaving both hands at liberty.

He holds the shoot with one hand, and breaks off the blades of the leaf with the other; for, except in the earliest picking of the young leaves, no portion of the leaf-stalk must be gathered with the finer kinds of tea.

The first step is to expose the leaves in shallow baskets to the sun and air, which wither and slightly dry them.

They are then placed in small quantities in shallow copper or iron pans, heated by charcoal or other fuel, and rapidly stirred. At the proper moment they are swept out into other vessels, or upon the table, where other workmen rub the leaves between their hands in order to roll them into the form which they ultimately retain.

Exposure to the air and a final heating complete the process with some teas; while with others there are several heatings, alternated with airings.

The choicer teas are spread out upon a table to be assorted before packing, all imperfectly rolled leaves being removed, and the dust and fine fragments sifted out.

The chest, with its leaden lining, being ready, one barefooted laborer gets into it, and another gradually pours in the leaves, which the first treads down firmly. As soon as the case is full, the leaden cover is soldered down.

Teas are subjected to various adulterations in China and in the countries where they are sold.

The manipulation of poor teas to give them a finer appearance is carried on in China, and there are establishments in England and America which are engaged in this trade.

The glazing or facing of teas is done with plumbago or blacklead, added in fine powder to the tea in a revolving cylinder, where the mutual attrition imparts to the leaves a peculiarly smooth and glossy appearance.

Cheap black teas are colored so as to pass for green, as the latter kinds are popular in some countries, their higher price giving the impression that they are of better quality.

The principal materials used in coloring are China clay, or terra alba; Prussian blue, and turmeric; sometimes gypsum and indigo.

The coloring matters are mixed in proportions to produce the desired shade, and are added to the slightly moistened tea, and the whole is agitated until the color becomes evenly distributed, and the leaves, by rubbing together, become glazed.

A fine tea is often mixed with an inferior sort.

The Chinese prepare what is called "lie tea" for this purpose, consisting of the dust which accumulates in the manufacture of tea, and the dust of other leaves, rice husks, etc., made up by the aid of gum into little pellets to resemble tea.

Sometimes exhausted tea leaves are used. At the Chinese tea houses, which are open day and night, the tea is usually made in a cup, covered with a saucer, and then poured into another cup.

Standing about the rooms are large jars, into which the dregs are emptied, and these leaves are carefully made up over again and find their way into the market.

The adulteration with other leaves is practiced in China, and was formerly to a large extent in England.

Willow leaves and those of camellia sasanqua are much used in China, while elsewhere, those of the sloe or wild plum, the hawthorn, alder, plane tree, poplar, and others have been employed.

These adulterations and others may be readily detected by soaking out and unrolling the leaves; those of the true tea are readily known by their shape, the looping together of the principal veins just within the margin being very characteristic, and they may be picked out easily from any foreign admixture by the aid of a magnifying glass.

IN EARLIER DAYS. — The ancient Hebrews had cups, platters, vases, dishes, bowls and caldrons, of the distinctions between which little is known now except from the usages of the Arabs, who retain the habits and customs of patriarchal times. The group at dinner, gathered about a little area of earth set apart for the purpose, or a table raised a few inches from the ground, and ate with their fingers from a common dish placed in the centre. The table customs of the ancient Egyptians, even with the high degree of civilization they had attained, were quite as simple. A picture of an Egyptian dinner party taken from a monument shows one guest pulling a wing from a goose which he holds in his hands, a second is gnawing at an entire joint of meat, a third is partaking of a large fish, which he holds in one of his hands while he takes the flesh off with the other, and a fourth is drinking water from a vase apparently holding one or two gallons.

IN old Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy there are twelve reasons in favor of marriage, of which the first six are as follows: 1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it: 2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help to get it: 3. Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is doubled: 4. Art in adversity? She'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable: 5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy: 6. Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and fully welcomes thy return.

Scientific and Useful.

RUBBER PAINT.—To dissolve rubber so as to form a kind of rubber-paint for cloth, use benzol, and beware of fire.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense. They are then washed free of the acid and slowly dried. This ivory can be dyed and turned and made useful in many ways.

BATHING.—There are constitutions which cannot stand putting the feet in cold water at any time. Their needs are best met by the system of standing on a hot pad while the body is sponged with cold water, or a sheet taken out of ice-cold water is wrapped round it, a very refreshing yet comparatively little known method of taking a bath. The pad is merely made of three or four thicknesses of old blanket sewn together and placed in a shallow tin pan. Half a pint of hot water is enough to heat it thoroughly.

CROUP.—A French paper publishes the following receipe for croup, which is said to have been in the possession of the family of a well known French civil engineer for several generations. It is claimed that a complete cure is effected by it in from two to ten minutes: "Roast an onion in ashes, then spread it on muslin so as to form a poultice. Cover the onion with another piece of muslin, then pour a teaspoonful of ammonia on the poultice. Apply hot to the throat, and a cure is certain." At any rate, says that paper, it is simple, cheap, easily made, and cannot do any harm if it does not possess all the efficacy that is claimed for it.

WOOD PULP.—A report comes from Norway of a discovery just made after years of experimenting—that wood pulp can be used for the manufacture of all kinds of building ornaments which are usually made in plaster of Paris, the pulp readily taking painting or gilding to great advantage. The material also seems to be remarkably tough, and not easily broken, as shown by the fact that a bar a foot long, an inch thick, and five inches wide, was thrown with great violence against a wall and sustained no injury. Pieces have also been dropped from great heights with the same result.

FAST WRITING.—Some of the features of short-hand writing, telegraphy and typewriting are combined in a system of stenotelegraphy invented in Paris. In recent experiments over a wire running from Paris to Orleans and back, messages were sent at the rate of over 200 words a minute, that being the highest speed attainable by a nimble-fingered operator. By means of an automatic transmitting apparatus, using a strip of paper previously perforated, as in some of the systems of telegraphy already in vogue, 17,000 words per hour were sent over a line 650 kilometers in length, the messages being automatically printed by the receiving instrument.

Farm and Garden.

EGGS.—Eggs are used largely in the arts. Albumen is made from the white, and egg oil from the yelks. The egg oil is used for oiling leather and wool in the woolen-mills. Then there are egg pomade, desiccated eggs, and preserved eggs (for tanners' use). Egg albumen sells in France at the rate of 75 cents per pound.

SMALL AND LARGE.—The small farms should always be devoted to those crops that are not grown extensively. A farm of ten acres will not pay if wheat and corn be grown upon it, but if used for growing fruit or garden vegetables it will be large enough for all the work that can be given it. Everything depends upon the kind of crop grown.

THE HORSE.—Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits, and cause swollen feet and other disorders. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome. Every night look and see if there is a stone beneath the hoof and the shoe. Standing on it all night, the horse will be lame the next morning.

HINTS.—In using carbolic acid as an insecticide 1 part of the acid to 100 parts water is the correct proportion. It may be freely sprinkled on all kinds of plants. To beautify the plumage of fowls feed the seeds of sunflowers. If these cannot be obtained give a small quantity of flaxseed occasionally. The best place for your wood ashes is around your peach trees. The effect may be easily noticed the first season after the ashes shall have been applied.

GREASE, ETC.—To remove grease or oil from white linen or cotton goods use soap or weak lye; for colored goods, warm soapsuds; for woollens, soapsuds or ammonia; for silks, benzine, ether, ammonia, magnesia, chalk, or yelk of egg, with water. For a carpet, upon the grease-stain lay a little damp fuller's earth, and, after letting it stand for some time, rub it gently into the carpet, and then wash off by using a little carbonate of ammonia, and the color will be restored.

AN Alsatian who tattooed himself all over with "Vive la France" was imprisoned for six months when he came to be examined for admission to the German army.

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Practice and Habit.

We are born with faculties and powers, says one of the most famous of modern writers, capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged man used all his life to hard work will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a courtier, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and the natural parts not any way inferior.

The legs of a dancing-master and the fingers of a musician fall, as it were, naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degree of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! Not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but we name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpracticed spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more closely, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions.

Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt.

But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was much more the effect of use and practice.

We cannot deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection.

Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Congress to an Exchange will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking, and oftentimes acting, too.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a hardworking laborer at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic and oratory.

Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing, without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, one cannot but think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. Practice seems to be at the root of all.

PROBABLY nine-tenths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.

I ONCE thought, says an old author, that almost all who could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have often found to have long lived, as for as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

AVOID extremes and "gush." Do not exaggerate the significance of trifles; do not describe molehills as mountains. It a rain-drop wets your face, do not say the storm was terrible; if a person is polite to you or does you a favor, do not immediately conclude that he adores you and would die for you; if, on the other hand, he seems somewhat uneffusive, do not infer that he hates and would like to kill you. Appreciate all good things, but do not sentimentalize over them; and do not "pour yourself out" when perhaps it might be just as well to contain yourself.

EVERY man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour, and, if he were to resent them all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not argue about such things, does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

JUSTICE and honesty contribute very much towards all the faculties of the mind. I mean that it clears up the understanding from that mist which dark and cruel designs are apt to raise in it; and that it keeps up a regularity in the affections by suffering no lusts or by-ends to disorder them. That it likewise preserves the mind from all damps of grief and melancholy, which are the sure consequences of unjust and dishonest actions.

MANY people of fine sensibilities, when appealed to on behalf of the victims of some odious form of cruelty or oppression, stop their ears and exclaim that they really cannot endure to listen to such harrowing details. This is only another way of saying that their imagination is outraged by the recital, while their hearts are callous to the reality.

THERE is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous; since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us when time shall be no more.

IF thou desire to be truly valiant, fear to do any injury. He that fears not to do evil, is always afraid to suffer evil; he that never fears, is desperate; and he that fears always, is a coward. He is the true valiant man that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.

MEN talk much of the right of free speech and condemn all attempts to fetter it. They should also respect the right of free silence, and visit with equal censure all attempts to violate it by inconsiderate and unbenevolent questioning prompted by curiosity.

THE world has need of all the love and tenderness, all the sympathy and compassion, all the cordiality and kindness that exists; whatever of these men feel in their hearts should find a ready outlet in the tones of voices, as well as in more substantial ways.

WHEN we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older, and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we waited so long before we began to do anything.

TAKE heed of affecting always to shine in company above the rest, and to display the riches of your own understanding or your oratory, as though you would render yourself admirable to all that are present.

A MAN'S life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth unless he shares with the less fortunate and tries to make others happy. Only thus can he make his abundance a blessing even to himself.

BE not too forward, especially in the younger part of life, to determine any question in company with an infallible and peremptory sentence; nor speak with assuming airs and with a decisive tone of voice.

BANISH utterly out of all conversation, and especially out of all learned and intellectual conference, everything that tends to provoke passion, or raise fire in the blood.

RELIGION is not a matter of outward, but of inward importance. It is of small consequence what the world may say or think so long as one's soul bears neither stain or goad-mark.

YOU must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

The World's Happenings.

The "Dark Horse" is the name of a Kansas newspaper.

Grocers' clerks in Pittsburg are organizing for shorter hours.

A suicide in Connecticut recently shot and killed his dog first.

The Society of Friends reports 75,000 members in this country.

At Pesth, Hungary, piles have been successfully driven by dynamite.

According to the last census there are 1,966,742 Germans in this country.

Twenty States in the Union now have Arbor Days. New Jersey has two of them.

People who dislike common things are making a market for gold-handled penknives.

Krupp is now making what will be the largest gun in the world. It will weigh 143 tons.

A portrait of death "as large as life," was lately advertised in an Irish provincial paper.

The Prince of Wales, it is now learned, never wears a pair of trousers more than five times.

Week before last 2980 persons left England for this country, and 2700 left during the past week.

A new "champion" has arisen in Santa Rosa, Cal. He ate 40 raw eggs, on a wager, in 15 minutes.

A verdict of "burgulery in the 3d degree," a Buffalo paper says, was found by a jury in that city last week.

Prince Bismarck received on his birthday, recently, a barrel of beer from nearly every brewer in Germany.

The town of Llanwenog, Wales, proposes to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee in grand style by buying a new hearse.

There are in Paris over 30,000 people who make their living by rag-gathering and burrowing in the ash-bins of the city.

The latest inducements offered by Los Angeles, Cal., real estate agents is to offer free vaccination to every purchaser of a lot.

Buddhism, according to a Boston correspondent, is becoming the fashionable religion among the ultra blue society of that intellectual city.

The largest insurance carried on the life of any individual, insurance men say, is that of $1,000,000 on the life of Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburg.

The Arabs claim that Eve was created 22 years before Adam was, and that Adam was created simply because she was lonesome for some one to talk to.

An immense gun that has just been turned out at the Krupp gun works, in Germany, can throw a ball weighing two tons through 38 inches of solid iron.

Under a new edict just promulgated in Japan criminals are not to be executed singly. When there is one he must wait until there is another to keep him company.

The books in the British Museum, it is stated, are bound on a principle—historical books being in red, theological in blue, poetical in yellow, natural history in green.

The official legal adviser of New York has advised the authorities of that city that the sweeping of brush or rubbish already on the sidewalks into the gutters is not illegal.

During the past winter Mrs. Mary Miller, of Hillsborough, N. H., fed daily eight gray squirrels, which came to her door from the woods every morning and departed after having had their breakfast.

Paper bottles are now being used by a manufacturer of ink and blueing in Chicago. The paper, or rather papier-mache, is especially prepared, and, except that it is not transparent, has many advantages over glass.

Germany and France are keeping track of each other by means of the spy system. Each one has hundreds of secret emissaries constantly traveling about, and every military movement is closely watched and reported on.

Some of his neighbors found a miser living in a wretched hut near Howell, Mich., nearly dead from a lack of proper food. They put him to bed, cared for him, and then took some of his hoarded dollars and bought him new clothes and good food.

A couple of unfriendly dogs had a mill in a mill at Cuthbert, Ga., and in the course of the fight knocked down a gun leaning against the wall, and when it fell it went off, killing one of the dogs instantly. The survivor was intensely surprised at his victory.

The breeze from an open window blew a match safe from a shelf in a house near Boston. The safe was broken, the matches ignited, and when discovered there was a brisk fire burning in that room, and ten minutes more would have seen a first-class conflagration.

The ten largest cities in the world, according to latest estimates, are: London, 4,754,312; Paris, 2,268,023; Canton, China, 1,500,000; New York, 1,490,000; Altchi, Japan, 1,332,000; Berlin, 1,122,000; Tokio, Japan, 867,000; Philadelphia, 875,000; Calcutta, 766,000, and Vienna, 726,000.

The Queen having requested the photograph of the Mayor of one of the chief English cities, the editor of a London journal unkindly remarks that Her Majesty had also sent for photographs of the principal animals in the "Zoo," probably to keep her from feeling too much stuck up.

Inhabitants of Northern Idaho are complaining of the tricks in trade of the Chinese. It is said that they mix gold dust worth $8 an ounce with that worth $16, and dispose of it at the maximum figure. Besides this they fail to burn their fine dust sufficiently, thereby retaining much quicksilver, and also file up silver dollars and mix the filings with the gold.

THE PARTING.

BY DRAYTON.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part;
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
That thus so clearly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

The Passion Flower.

BY A. Y. R.

THROUGHOUT the whole of France there is not a feudal castle, however ever gloomy and fiercely threatening in aspect, but has its legend of tenderness and love; not the daintiest little castel, with its quaint carvings and coquetish devices, but has its tale of frantic jealousy and bloodthirsty revenge; while others, again, amongst the old castellated mansions frowning and forbidding as they appear, have been the scene of many an idyll.

Of these last is the Chateau de Talvere, which stands almost at the gates of Luneville. It is a ruinous old pile, scarcely in worse state, however, than when the two sole remaining members of the Talvere family—the fair young daughter and her aged grandmother—were forced to seek refuge within its gray old walls.

Early youth and extreme old age, alone and unprotected, being compelled to the strictest seclusion in order to avoid the persecution which had fallen upon every individual of their race—their only aim tranquility, their only security oblivion.

When Stanislas Leczinski was named King of Lorraine, by the favor of Louis the Fourteenth, there were a number of heads to be cut off, and a number of brave souls to be consigned to a living tomb in the dungeons of the fortress of Luneville before he could sit comfortably on his throne. So had it fared with the Count de Talvere, who had presumed to designate King Stanislas as "minion, foreigner, and invader," and who had consequently had his head stuck high, one fine morning, on the battlements of the fort, to feed the ravens and scare the crows; while his estates and fortunes served much the same purpose, feeding the parasites of the King, and scaring other patriots from their allegiance by the example of such merciless confiscation.

Of all the family of the Count de Talvere none remained but the aged Countess, his mother, and the lovely Helene, a maiden of sixteen, his only daughter.

They had been suffered to remain at the chateau, whose domain was now confined to a small patch of orchard and garden, and from this the two unhappy inmates of the chateau were compelled to maintain themselves entirely.

Upon such a diet as this obligation entailed, it can be no wonder that the poor old lady should have grown thinner and thinner—until at length the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, who passed the chateau on their way from work, would be scared into the belief that they had beheld the ghost of that wicked Countess de Talvere, who had been executed at Bar more than half a century before.

Far different, however, was the effect of the cruel edict of confiscation (which in those days always implied starvation likewise) upon the beautiful Helene, the present sharer of all this destitution, the future heiress to all this decay.

She seemed to thrive on this scanty fare of the chateau. She was plump and rosy, as though she had been nurtured in luxury; merry and light-hearted, as though she had never known a sorrow; scarcely conscious of the privation amid which she was living; happy in the enjoyment of the air, the sunshine and the flowers, and in the love and devotion of the old Countess de Talvere.

It was a sight to behold this girl of such wondrous beauty, leading at early dawn the solitary cow, on which depended the nourishment of the family at Talvere, along the narrow paths of the garden and orchard, pausing while the poor animal stayed to nibble the scanty herbage beneath the hedge, and plying with nimble fingers all the while the thread depending from the distaff fastened to her girdle, while carolling forth in the sweetest voice man ever heard some old quaint ditty, some tender love song of olden times, unknown to other damsels of her age, and caught from a former generation through the quavering accents of her aged grandmother.

It was a sight to behold her stay now and then in her walk to caress the patient animal, while standing on tiptoe to whisper words of endearment into her ears.

And so thought the young cavalier, who was riding along one morning at break of day to join the royal hunt, down the mossy path beside the ruined wall of the chateau, when, attracted by the song and the tender speeches which ensued, he rose in his stirrups to gaze over the stone coping of the wall.

If the refined gallant of the Court of Luneville had been startled and perplexed at the exquisite delicacy of voice and execution of song which he had imagined to proceed from the lips of some peasant girl at her early labor, how much more was he startled and perplexed at the sight of the fantastic figure which presented itself to his gaze!

Amid all the poverty and privation suffered at the chateau, the necessity of their display in sordid attire had not yet arrived.

The old Countess had retained the splendid wardrobe she had owned in the days of her glory, and the sole delight of her life was in the fashioning and furnishing the quaintly-cut vestments which she had worn in her own youth, to suit the face and figure of Helene.

Well might the young horseman be surprised when he saw before him this maiden of such strange beauty, attired in a costume of which he had read and heard and gazed upon in pictures, but which he had never before beheld, occupied in work familiar to his mind as connected only with the humblest drudgery of peasant life.

It seemed as if some fairy apparition had suddenly risen from the earth to bewilder his senses. Everything seemed unreal and intangible in the scene.

The fresh loveliness of the little maiden, with her delicate pink and white complexion, the sparkling eyes, the rosy lips and golden hair, the soft, sweet voice, all spoke of the warmth and power of youth and life; the costume of a bygone generation, of old age, of moth and mold, of oblivion and the grave; the occupation of the rudest poverty and toil; the dress, apart from its cut and fashion, of wealth and distinction, from the richness of the materials of which it was composed.

The petticoat was of brocaded satin, the embroidered juste-au-corps of ruby velvet, the open robe of brocatelle; faded and out of date all might be, but without spot or blemish.

All was so strange and unearthly that the fairy tales of Madam D'Aulnoy, the fashionable reading at the Court of Luneville, crowded on his memory, and for a moment he remained convinced that the beauteous form on which he gazed must of necessity be that of the Princess Graciosa; that the lime blossoms which fell in thick showers from the boughs as the cow disturbed them in her slow advance, were thrown by the hand of her fairy godmother from the clouds; and that the daisies and buttercups which bent beneath the maiden's feet were real pearls and topazes, spread on the path by the same powerful protectress.

If such were the impressions conveyed to the brain of the young cavalier, it is no wonder that he found himself suddenly transformed from Honore de Bellegarde into Prince Precinct, for the sake of this beauteous, and no doubt heavily oppressed and captive Graciosa, held in durance vile by the wicked arts of the Duchess of Grognona.

It was some time before he recovered from the shock produced by the bright vision which had thus suddenly burst upon his sight, and there is no knowing how much longer he might have remained entranced, had it not been that the maiden, on finding the sunbeams beginning to pierce the branches of the acacia trees beneath which she stood, attempted to lead her charge towards the thicker shade of the cedar which stood at some little distance.

She started on perceiving the shadow which lay on the path in the grass before her, and then looking up and beholding the young cavalier, gave such a bound of surprise that the rope by which the cow was held slipped from her grasp, the distaff dropped from her hand, and she remained gazing as if thunderstruck at the stranger, whose head and shoulders were visible above the wall, as supported by the stirrups he stood above his tall steed, while unable to bear that dazzling gaze, he began to stammer out some excuse for intruding thus upon her privacy.

Honore de Bellegarde was, for the first time in his life, attacked with timidity, and would have turned away on the instant had not his hand just at that moment unconsciously come in contact with the little silver drinking horn which was carried at every huntsman's belt in that day. His brain suddenly cleared, and he framed an impromptu demand to give a coloring to the apparent impertinence of which he had been guilty.

"Fair damsel, I have been out ever since the dawn, and have lost my way. Can you spare me a drop of milk to assuage my thirst?"

The perfect self-possession and innate good-breeding of the maiden caused him even more surprise than aught which had gone before.

Without the smallest embarrassment she answered sweetly—one single word, it is true, but spoken audibly and with the most enchanting smile:

"Volontiers, Monsieur."

Jumping upon a stone, she raised her arm to take the drinking horn, and without more ado, ran to the corner of the orchard, where stood the pail wherein she had milked the cow a short while before, but which old Hubert, the sole domestic of the chateau, would never suffer her to raise.

Having filled the dainty little vessel, she ran back again and handed it to the stranger, looking on in wonder while he drank, little dreaming that whatever had remained of common sense or presence of mind had been completely obliterated by the grace of her movement.

The young man was fain to prolong the draught in order to regain sufficient mastery over himself to make the attempt he had meditated from the first, to solve the mystery of this strange existence behind the walls of the Chateau de Talvere, which he had passed scores of times on his hunting expeditions, and had always deemed uninhabited.

But when he came to make the trial, he felt that the task would have been impossible had he not been aided by the maiden herself, who, without undue boldness, and yet without the smallest reticence or disguise, told him every circumstance of her history, while he remained completely dumfounded with astonishment.

She was wondering all the while at the interest which could make him thus listen with such patience to the story of one who was to him a perfect stranger.

Count Honore de Bellegarde did not join the royal hunt that day, but returned to Luneville at a slow and thoughtful pace. He returned a wiser man in the new sensations inspired in his bosom by the love which had sprung up thus without warning or preamble.

His mind was tossed to and fro in a complete tempest of emotion. His instinct told him at once that this was no common adventure, no passing sentiment to be thrown aside and soon forgotten.

He knew that the fair girl had spoken truth, that she was indeed of noble blood and lofty lineage in spite of her rustic surroundings; and he resolved to return next day to the Chateau de Talvere with a view of getting up a petition to the King for restoration of the property of the Talveres to the remaining members of the family.

But "l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose." On arriving at the palace he found to his dismay, that the King had issued orders for the removal of the Court to Nancy, according to the policy he had adopted of dividing the benefits conferred by the residence of a Court, an alternate sojourn in the two great cities of his kingdom, Nancy and Luneville, possessing a royal palace in each, and changing the seat of government at certain intervals.

Everybody noticed the alteration by the temper of Honore de Bellegarde. From the merriest youth about the Court, he had grown taciturn and reserved, flying the company of those to whom he had been most attached, and seeking the solitude he had formerly so much detested.

The courtiers rallied him on the change and declared that he had been rattling the dicebox with disastrous effect at Luneville; but King Stanislas, although the wisest philosopher of his day, had himself felt the attacks of the blind god too often not to recognize his wound in another, and so he said to himself:

"The boy is in love; if he confide in me, I will help him in his trouble."

The hours seemed weeks to Honore de Bellegarde, during the sojourn at Nancy, and yet when the order for return was issued, the poor youth was assailed by every kind of pain.

Would the beautiful maiden of Talvere still be found at the chateau? Was it not all a dream? Might not the whole affair be nothing more than a freak of some of the madcap ladies of Luneville, who had chosen to seek retirement and disguise in order to escape the pursuit of some unfortunate lover?

There was no supposition, however foolish or impossible, that did not pass through his fevered brain during the night of his return to his old quarters in the Palace at Luneville, until at length, as the dawn drew nigh, unable any longer to bear the state of irritation and impatience into which he had worked himself, he once more mounted his steed and set off alone to the Chateau de Talvere.

The morning was heavenly, the green glades through which he passed were all glistening with dew, the birds were just awakening in the branches, and the underwood was just beginning to be stirred by the wild game with which the forest abounds.

His heart beat violently as he drew near to the chateau. The old grey turrets seemed more sad and joyless than ever, amid the gleeful awakening of nature.

Not a sound was heard within the orchard, no joyous carolling greeted the ear of the youth as he listened with eager expectation.

In vain he stretched himself to the utmost, as he stood upright in the stirrups and looked out from the back of his tall steed through the breach in the ruined wall, as he had done once before. He beheld no lovely girl, no fairy princess. The lime blossoms fell no more in a shower upon the ground, the daisies and the buttercups had disappeared, choked by the long grass which had been suffered to grow rank and wild beneath the trees.

For a moment did Monsieur de Bellegarde stand thus listless and inanimate, straining his sight and stretching his neck to gaze into the enclosure.

The long, rambling building lay in one mass of peaks and points and bows and buttresses, surmounted with weathercocks innumerable, as is the custom with these ancient chateaux, but not a soul was visible.

He looked up at each window in turn; not a human form appeared at any of the latticed panes; but with a lover's instinct, he could tell at once which was the chamber where, perhaps at that moment, was slumbering the object of his thoughts. He knew it by the rose-covered balcony and the long, trailing tendrils of the passion-flower, which, trained from the sturdy stem planted against the wall, had entwined themselves round the delicate tracery of the ironwork, whence the bright, starry blossoms drooped and swung in the breeze now visible, now hidden from sight as the leaves were blown hither and thither in the morning air.

He was just turning away in bitter disappointment, half chilled at the silence and solitude of the place, when he was startled by a low, moaning sob, which seemed to burst from the very heart of some sorrow-stricken individual close to the spot where he was stationed.

The sound came from close beneath the wall, and he felt as if he were guilty of an act of meanness in thus intruding upon the sacred privacy of grief; so he coughed aloud and then jerked his horse's rein so sharply that the animal snorted and made the curb chain jingle.

On the instant a shrill scream echoed through the silence of the woods, presently a light form bounded with fawn-like agility upon the moss-covered stone, and the woe-begone countenance of the fair Princess Graciosa filled the hollow rent in the wall, so close to that of the bashful Prince Precinct that he blushed deep as scarlet and actually turned aside, unable to bear the burning gaze which burst so suddenly upon him.

But alas for poor Graciosa! Her eyes were red with weeping, and her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs, while down her sweet face the tears were coursing each other, and trickling into the golden ringlets which hung loose upon her neck.

Ah! surely that horrid Duchess Grognona had been at her wicked tricks again! It required some little effort on the part of the Count de Bellegarde, to encourage him to enquire concerning the cause of the despair by which the little maiden seemed to be thus overcome.

There was no embarrassment, no reticence in the answer which gushed out quite spontaneously amid the sobs which could not be controlled.

"Ah, monsieur! what shall we do? I cannot give you any milk this morning. What will become of us? La Rouge, our dear La Rouge is dead! We have no milk to drink, and shall soon have no more bread to eat. Grand'mere is ill, and we have not a sou wherewith to buy food. Old Hubert is gone to the furnace with a barrow full of clover to sell to the Superintendent's wife, for her goat, and I am all

alone!"

The image of her own loneliness was more than the little maiden could bear, and she burst into a paroxysm of grief, hiding her face in both her hands, while Monsieur de Bellegarde remained aghast, unprepared for the avowal of such misery as this. He felt a sore perplexity concerning the form his condolence ought to take.

But as he looked round in his embarrassment, his eye was caught by the thousand blossoms of the passion-flower as they balanced to and fro in the wind, and, love lending him that readiness of resource he never refuses to his votaries, made him exclaim eagerly:

"Nay, but, Mademoiselle, it was not for milk I came this morning, but for one of the passion-flowers which blossoms above your balcony. The flower which grows in such abundance here at Talvere is so precious at Luneville, that—would you believe it?—the ladies of the Court are compelled to pay a double louis d'or for a single blossom, and King Stanislas, who loves no other flower, never looks kindly on any of the courtiers who do not bear a sprig of it at mass on gala days. As it happens that this very day there is to be a grand Te Deum at the Cathedral in honor of His Majesty's return from Nancy, I rode hither with the humble hope that you would allow me to purchase one of those flowers to place in my vest to please him.

The little maiden dried her eyes in a moment in order to open them wider with the greater ease, and then she smiled so sweetly that the abject terror he had felt all the time he had been speaking vanished in a moment, and when she nodded acquiescence and exclaimed:

"Ah, Monsieur, 'tis Providence has sent you here," and jumped lightly down and ran across the grass to gather the flowers he had asked for—he prayed that the words might prove prophetic of the good fortune in store.

In the twinkling of an eye did the maiden return with the loveliest of the blossoms of the passion-flower, and, without the smallest shyness, without any of that grimacing hesitation a Court lady would have assumed, did this child of nature hand it over the wall to the cavalier. Strange to say, however, he durst not offer her the piece of gold he had drawn from his purse as price of the flower, but laid it on the wall where it caught the rays of the morning sun, and glittered like a star just fallen from the skies.

But when the action was accomplished, a sudden panic seized him at the boldness of which he had given proof, and he hurried away with almost uncourteous abruptness.

But he might have spared himself all unpleasant doubt. Helene de Talvere was a child of nature, as we have said before.

She believed every word of the strange gentleman's speech, and treasured it up like gospel. She seized the gold piece with childish glee, and laughed joyously.

"Oh, let me run at once and show this to dear grand'mere!" she exclaimed; and, without so much as thanking the gentleman for his custom or even noticing his abrupt departure, ran swiftly towards the door of the chateau.

As the Count turned the angle of the wall his attention was aroused by the sound of voices in discussion. The harsh tones of scolding and reproach mingled with the soft accent of his lovely Graciosa in gentle expostulation, and he could just catch a glimpse of a little wizened female figure, with high-crowned cap and cross-handled crutch, which, he felt sure, must be that of the horrible Duchess Grognona. He was too far off to seize the purport of her shrill words, but he was sure that he saw her with one hand raise her crutch with a menacing gesture towards him, while with the other she threw the gold piece out into space.

Then the wailing sobs of the poor girl fell once more upon his stricken ear, until, driven forward by the old lady, the girl entered the hall door, which closed behind them and all was silent again.

"That must be the old Countess de Talvere, a great lady in her day," murmured he as he urged his horse to the trot, "but she reminds me woefully of the Duchess Grognona notwithstanding."

An hour or two later in the morning a vision, more strange than that which a few weeks before had burst upon the sight of Count Honore de Bellegarde, might have been seen gliding across the orchard of the Chateau de Talvere, and stealing through the gate which led out by short cuts and by-paths to the high road to Luneville.

It was Helene de Talvere, attired in the quaint costume we have already seen, but enveloped in a large cloak, and her face concealed by the old-fashioned hood and wimple which had been forgotten by the maidens of her own time.

On her arm hung a large basket filled up with long branches of the passion-flower, which, according to the gentleman who had paid that early visit to Talvere, would be purchased at such exorbitant price in Luneville.

She hastened along the way she remembered to have traversed with old Hubert, when upon rare occasions he had suffered her to accompany him to market, and arrived in the city just as the Cathedral bells were beginning to ring out the Te Deum peal, always reserved for the grandest festivities of the church.

The grand place to which she hurried was filled to overflowing; crowds from the back streets and by-lanes, crowds from the suburbs and the country, all were hastening to see other crowds of aristocratic personages attendant on the King's High Mass, as this ceremony was called.

Well was it for the poor child that every individual of that immense multitude was bent on making way to the front, in order to catch the best view of the royal procession, which had entered the building by the canon's door and was to leave it by the great gate, so that no one paid the smallest attention to her, but suffered her to glide stealthily through the different groups until she arrived at the flight of marble steps, and took her station outside the iron balustrade by which they are protected.

Here she remained, patiently waiting until the gate should open for the King and the Court to pass through. She knew well enough that none of the bourgeois and artisans, of whom the crowd was composed, could afford to purchase her passion-flowers at a double-louis apiece, so she gathered her long, dark cloak of Lyons cloth closely around her, and hiding her basket beneath it, took out her beads, and bending low, went steadily through the whole rosary, imploring the Virgin to grant a blessing on her endeavor to save grand'mere from the penury amid which she had languished so long, and likewise most particularly to bless the kind young gentleman whose suggestion had put her in the way of accomplishing her desire.

How could she dream that at that very moment another prayer was rising to Heaven from the Count de Bellgarde, in thanksgiving for the King's consent to restore the estates of her family to Helene de Talvere, and His Majesty's promise to assist his favorite in his desire to obtain the hand of his now great heiress.

So fervent was she in her invocation, so long did she linger over the prayer, that the crash of the great Te Deum bell, announcing that mass was over, burst forth before she had concluded.

The shock of the vibration aroused her to consciousness of her situation; and when the great doors of the Cathedral were thrown open, and the congregation, all composed of the lords and ladies attendant on the King, streamed forth in proud procession, preceded by their halberdiers, and followed by their pages, she started up, and throwing aside the long cloak, stood forth in all her beauty and her singular attire, holding the basket, filled to the very brim with the passion-flower, in sight of the richly dressed company, not one of whom seemed to be provided with a single blossom, so rare was evidently her merchandise at Luneville.

It was clear that the cavalier had spoken truth, and the conviction filled her with a joyful hope. And so she grew bold enough to call aloud, in her own sweet voice:

"Who'll buy my passion-flower? Only a double-louis the blossom! All bright and freshly gathered, and well worth the money!"

There must have been magic in the words for scarcely were they uttered when a loud shout, whether of admiration or derision she could not tell, burst out from the bystanders, and mingled its shrill echoes with the thundering notes of the organ which came rolling majestically through the open door, and the clanging of the bell from the Cathedral tower.

So uncertain was the little maiden with regard to the meaning of the shout which had greeted her first appeal, that she repeated it in a tone yet more clear and confident.

This time there could be no mistake as to the effect produced, for there arose from the portion of the multitude within hearing of the call such a sharp, discordant howl of laughter that it made her turn pale as ashes and tremble from head to foot.

"Look at her! Who is she?" was the cry. "Look at her strange dress! She must surely be some maniac escaped from the asylum at Sainte Barbe, with her trumpery flowers, too, at a double-louis apiece, forsooth!" "Nay, nay, don't you see? It is some masquerading farce she has come out to play upon us, poor, ignorant folk that we are! Rely on it, she is one of the stage-girls from the King's Playhouse; perhaps the Coraline herself in disguise, playing off some merry jest on one of her gallants." "Yes, that is the most likely thing," cried another.

"And is it not a shame that one of these vile creatures should dare to appear, with her masquerading tricks, before the very portals of God's house? Seize her! Hand her over to the Marechaussee! Let her be whipped by the hangman for the base sacrilege!"

And then the women raised their shrill, spiteful voices in chorus.

"Ah, yes, that will be a pleasant jest, to see her change her tawdry player's robes for the gray serge dress of the penitent, and all her fine golden locks shaved close to her head, and burnt in the fire where the irons are heating to brand her as the accursed sacrilegious sinner she must be."

And at the words a hundred rude hands were raised aloft to seize the poor innocent maiden; a thousand rude voices arose in loud protestation against the foul attempt at ribaldry in such a holy place; and there is no knowing what might have happened had not the procession just then come to a halt in consequence of the tumult.

The group of pages who walked before the King, bearing on velvet cushions his royal crown and sword of state, had stood up aghast upon the steps, arrested by the confusion, gazing through the iron railings at the desperate condition of the poor maiden, whose coif and pinners had been torn off, and whose dress, all disordered as it was, still served for a theme of the rude jibes of the multitude, while the flowers on which she had reckoned for grandmere's sustenance were being tossed abroad and trampled by the crowd.

Presently appeared in due order at the portal the royal dais, borne by four gentleman of the Court whom the King most delighted to honor, and beneath it the placid and benign countenance of the King himself, looking down with wonder on the scene below.

Of course, the progress even of this most solemn of all was stayed upon the threshold for the crowd was now pressing so closely at the bottom of the steps, that all advance was impossible.

Suddenly to the astonishment of all, one of the gentlemen bearing the royal canopy uttered a loud cry of anguish and dismay, and was seen to shift the handle of the pole which by virtue of his office, he was appointed to support, into his neighbor's grasp, and forgetful of all etiquette, to rush down the steps towards the spot where the poor girl was struggling amongst her assailants.

He was very young, it is true, and new to the office, or he would perhaps have been more impressed with the solemn responsibility conferred upon him by favor of the King.

He was conspicuous moreover from the passion-flower which was hanging pendent among the folds of his lace cravat, over his embroidered white satin vest, because he was the only one of the whole company whose bosom was thus adorned, although he was the very man who had told the poor girl that very morning that such was of necessity to be worn by everyone.

The sight of the flower was like a beam of Heaven, and salvation to Helene de Talvere. With a piteous cry she stretched forth her arms to the wearer, whose face flushed and then grew pale as death, and who, rushing forward to the iron bars, to which she was clinging, seized her by the waist and lifted her over the balustrade as though her form had not weighed more than a feather in his grasp.

He loosened not his hold till he had deposited her, all panting and half insensible at His Majesty's feet, where by instinct she remained kneeling in humility. He did but pause to whisper a few words of explanation in answer to the look of astonishment with which the King was gazing on the scene.

His Majesty started and listened with a benignant smile, and then he raised the girl to her feet and motioned the procession to move on, and in the sight of all the people she walked beside him beneath the royal canopy.

* * * * *

It was not long after this event that another gay procession, likewise graced with the presence of royalty, was seen wending its way over the sanded pavement of the Grand-Place, preceded by heralds-at-arms bearing the banners of the two most ancient houses of Lorraine.

As before, the whole population of Luneville was abroad to witness the marriage of Honore, now created "Prince de Bellegarde," on this occasion, with Helene, the great heiress of the restored domains and fiefs belonging to the Chateau de Talvere; and the bride, although reinstated in her rights, and in spite of the schooling of grand'mere, must still have preserved some of the rustic independence acquired by her solitary life at the chateau, for she resolutely rejected the myrtle and the orange blossom, which were of old established custom, for her wedding wreath, but stood at the altar crowned with the twining blossom of the pale and starlike Passion Flower.

And her descendants to this very day bear the flower in their coat-of-arms, according to the license granted at her prayer by Stanislas Leczinski, King of Lorraine.

Two Balcony Scenes.

BY S. E. GIRTON.

It was Mrs. Connellan's last reception of the season. Her rooms were crowded to overflowing, so that a few of the guests trickled over into the conservatories and on to the stairs.

Mr. Criswick Eyre, the famous tenor, had just entranced all hearers by his magnificent rendering of "Anchored," and had started every one on the topic of music, so that a general buzz of conversation pervaded the place.

Two persons were standing in a little balcony, from which they looked on the strip of garden that ran out from the back of Mrs. Connellan's residence.

The soft breeze of a July evening fanned their faces; the stars looked down on them from the quiet sky; the scent of flowers was wafted up to them from below. They were talking in lowered tones; partly in consequence of the solemnizing influence of the spangled heavens, partly from an unconscious desire to keep their words from travelling in between the lace curtains of the open window to other ears than those for which they were intended. These two were Douglas Buchan and Ethel Knight; both young, both well favored.

"Then," he said, continuing their conversation, which had a minute since broken off in a pause of thought, "you believe everything you are told?"

She brought her eyes down from Ursa Major, and let them rest on his, with a touch of wonder at the question in their clear, grey depths

"Certainly, unless I have reason to think that the person who tells me has deceived me before."

"For my part," he went on, "I believe nothing until I have proved it. I trust no one until he has convinced me that he is deserving of confidence."

"You must wrong many people, then; I should be sorry to feel as you do."

He looked at her until she turned her head away.

"I feel, in listening to you, Miss Knight, that there is the same difference between your conversation and that of those people in there"—here he waved his hand toward the gaslit room—"that there is between this fresh night breeze and the puffs of hot air which are wafted to us through the window."

She did not answer, and he was silent an instant, fearing that his compliment had given offence.

"This is the third time we have met here," was his next remark. "And there has been an interval of a year between each meeting. It is a slow way of making acquaintance. I wonder if we shall meet again after another twelve months."

"It seems likely. My aunt has me to stay with her every July, and Mrs. Connellan always asks us to her 'at-homes.'"

"I wish Lady Aylwin would have you to stay with her more often—no, I don't because I believe it is country life that makes you so different from the girls I usually meet in society. And I should not see you. I leave England in three days for China."

"For China!"

"Yes. I shall be away a year. I wish—I wish——"

"What?" she asked, without looking at him.

"That you would promise to remember me—to think of me sometimes while I am so far away. Will you?"

His voice had dropped to a lower tone than before. Ethel Knight glanced at him, and saw his eyes fixed upon her with a strange fire that made her tremble and flush. She made a movement to return to the room; then checked herself as he repeated:

"Will you?"

And she answered, almost inaudibly:

"Yes."

"Thank you," he returned in the same low voice. "I believe that, at all events, and your promise will be often in my mind. I ought not to speak to you like this; and yet—considering how long it will be before I can say another word—give me one more pleasant thing to remember; tell me that you will not be sorry to see me when I come home."

He had taken her hand which felt cold through her glove, and was eagerly watching her changing face. A mist of tears had clouded her grey eyes, for the thrill of deep feeling in his tone had stirred her through and through.

"Sorry!" she repeated, forcing a laugh. "I hope I shall always be glad to see my friends again."

"Then," said Buchan, "I shall look forward to meeting you here a year hence, when, all having gone well with me, I shall be able to ask you a question—if you are still free."

At that instant Lady Aylwin drew the curtain from within.

"Ethel, darling," she said, "I am afraid you will take cold."

They both stepped back into the room, and the young man turned to a dark handsome girl, who was leaning back languidly in a chair by the wall.

"This is my farewell to this kind of thing for some time, Miss Aylwin. I leave England at the end of the week."

"Really!" she said, with a slow, lazy utterance, gently moving her fan to and fro. "How glad you must be! One gets so awfully tired towards the end of the season that the thought of getting quite away from every one is the only pleasurable sensation left."

He laughed. "True," he said. "It becomes a cause for mutual congratulation that we shall not have to meet again at present."

"It does, indeed. I think it is only the intervals of absence that save one from growing to hate one's friends. Everybody palls on one after a time. How long shall you be away?"

"A year or so. You will have had time ——"

He paused for in obedience to a meaning look from Lady Aylwin she had risen.

"Mamma means to carry us off, I see," she said, giving him her shapely hand with an indifferent air. "Good-bye."

A curious smile hovered on the young Scotchman's lips as he answered her farewell. Once, some four years since, he had admired this dark, indolent beauty; the feeling had not gone beyond admiration, and had never found expression in words; but he knew that she had seen both its growth and decay.

The next instant he was listening to Ethel Knight's shy "good-bye."

"No," he said meaningly, but in a tone that she only could catch—"au revoir."

Poor girl! She would have given anything to have been able, by an effort of will to suppress that rush of color which tinged face, neck and arms. Her eyes fell, and she did not reply, or look at the young man again.

She was sitting in her bed-room half an hour later, "thinking it over" before going to bed. She felt strangely, delightfully excited, and though her body was passive, and her hands lay lightly folded together, her grey eyes were shining, and her fair cheek softly flushed. As her thoughts went back, and her memory repeated faithfully for her every word that had passed on the balcony, her bed room door creaked, and her cousin glided in.

"Just a few minutes' chat, Ethel," she said, sinking on the floor near her cousin's feet; "did you enjoy the evening?"

"Immensely," sighed Ethel regretfully.

"I thought it very well," drawled her cousin, clasping her hands round her knees. "Nobody interesting there—only two single men, and one of those that Mr. Buchan,

whom I detest."

Ethel gave her an amazed look.

"Why?"

"Because he is the most contemptible of created beings—a male flirt!"

Her eyes flashed, her voice shook with emotion, as she went on—

"Of all the artificial people we meet, he is the hollowest. He is an actor born; he could not be real if he tried. Ethel, in my first season he made love to me—that is, he went as far as he could without compromising himself, half-sentences, meaning tones, all those tiny things that lead one to infer more than is said—until my head was turned, for I did not understand then how far young men will go, for what they call 'a little amusement.' And then, when he thought it had gone far enough, his manner changed to that of an ordinary friend, and I saw him go through the same thing with another girl."

Her head dropped forward on her knees, and for a little while she was silent. Ethel watched her, with the color gradually fading from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. As she had said, she believed all that she was told.

"I know the whole process," said Norah, lifting her head, and speaking in her usual languid manner. "It is something like this: 'I wish,' and he lowers his voice to a tender tone—'I wish I could think that you will not be sorry to see me again. Will you think of me sometimes until our next meeting? You are so different from the girls that I usually meet'; and so on. It is very foolish, but we are foolish enough to believe in it, until the hypocrisy of men has taught us to be hypocrites too. There! I did not mean to be led into talking like this, but the sight of Douglas Buchan always stirs up the worst side of my nature. I should like to make him suffer as he has made me."

Still Ethel was mute. After a pause, Norah asked,

"I saw you were introduced to Mr. Wride, the new poet. How did you like him?"

"I don't know," said Ethel slowly. "Shall we talk about things to-morrow dear? I am very tired."

* * * * * * *

The same people, with a few exceptions; new dresses on the usual wearers; new recitations from the same reciters; new songs from the old singers; Mr. Wride, the poet, and the Hon. Bruce Flynn, whose novel had just made a sensation; the Maharajah of Serampoon, Lady Aylwin, Miss Aylwin and Miss Knight—in short, all Mrs. Connellan's customary set, with an agreeable sprinkling of celebrities.

It was more than a year since Ethel Knight was in those rooms, but all that had passed in them, or rather outside them, was perfectly fresh in her mind's eye. Her bodily eye, in spite of her efforts to prevent it, wandered around in search of a figure that was not there, while she talked of the opera, the latest novel, and the extraordinary dryness of the season.

For Ethel's grandmother, with whom she had lived in Devonshire, was dead, and the girl had been for some months with her aunt, Lady Aylwin, acquiring in that time self-command, readiness of speech, the power of keeping her real feelings out of sight, and a good many new views of life. Lady Aylwin said she was much improved but Ethel herself had her doubts.

As for Lady Aylwin, she was most anxious to get her niece married, and she looked with a speculative eye at every young man who spoke to the girl. But Ethel kept all her admirers at a safe distance. One there was, indeed, who was not to be repulsed, and he it was who was talking to her when her heart gave a wild leap of excitement, as she saw, within a few yards, Douglas Buchan himself, in conversation with her cousin Norah.

They had not seen her glance, she knew, and without looking that way again she continued chatting to her companion, who flattered himself that he had made an impression at last; his goddess was so much more gracious than her wont.

"She has been living with us nine months," Norah was saying in her indolent way. "You will find she has lost her countrified manner. She is getting quite an adept in the art of flirtation."

Buchan laughed incredulously.

"Have you been giving her lessons, Miss Aylwin?"

"No," she answered languidly. "I think, perhaps, you deserve more of the credit of that than I do."

At the earliest opportunity he made his way to Ethel's side.

"You have not forgotten me, I hope," he said, his voice taking a different tone for her, even in those conventional words.

"How do you do?" she said, shaking hands with him, with a half abstracted air; then, as he opened his lips to say something further, she lifted a warning finger.

"Mr. Wride is going to recite," she said.

They were silent. He watched her hurriedly during the recitation. Her face wore a look of quiet interest, but he could read nothing below the surface.

"Miss Knight," he said gravely, under cover of the buzz of talk that followed, "I am here to night expressly to see you and speak with you. Will you give me the opportunity?"

"What do you call this?" she asked with a laugh.

"How you are changed!" said Buchan, compressing his lips. "I should scarcely have known you."

Ethel raised her eyebrows, and answered more seriously—

"I have grown older and wiser since this time last year."

"Have you grown too wise to come outside? It is stifling in here."

She hesitated an instant; then stepped between the curtains on to the balcony, he following.

"There are no stars to-night," she said, looking upward.

"I see you remember that evening as well as I do, Miss Knight. Can you recollect our conversation?"

"Part of it," she returned, knitting her brows in thought. "I think you expressed surprise at my extreme credulity. I am wiser now in that respect."

Buchan drew nearer, earnestly regarding her.

"Is that all you remember?"

She quivered under the effect of the suppressed feeling in his voice, but calmly met his eyes.

"It is all I wish to remember, Mr. Buchan."

The cold, clear words seemed to cut the young man like a knife. He took a step back from her, and stood motionless, his face in shadow.

"I have that kind of thing said to me so often you know," she added deprecatingly.

The refrain, "Good-bye to Summer—Good-bye! Good-bye!" came through the window, and earned for the song an enduring hatred by associating it in their minds with the moments that followed. At last Buchan spoke, in a low, uncertain voice—

"So this is the end! You told me that you would be glad to see me again—that you would think of me while I was abroad—and there were tears in your eyes. It was not much, after all, that I should think of it, and dream of this moment, for a whole long year." He paused; then catching her by the wrist, went on in a fierce whisper—"It is such as you who ruin us men! You kill all the highest and noblest feelings of our hearts. If we lose our reverence for woman, it is you who have rendered it possible. If we lose our religion, it is because the angels we have known have turned out to be——" He checked himself suddenly and dropped her wrist. "I am mad, I think," he added. "Forgive me."

Another silence fell between them. This year Lady Aylwin seemed to have no fears lest her niece should catch cold.

"Shall I take you back to your aunt, Miss Knight? I am going home."

Ethel did not move, but looked at him with her face full of a strange excitement.

"I wish I knew what to believe!" she said, as if to herself. "'An actor born!' That could not be all acting!"

Their eyes met again, and Buchan's face changed.

"Some one has been telling you lies!" he said, with a sudden inspiration.

"Yes. You or—another."

"Thank Heaven!" he whispered, in his earnestness overlooking the incongruity of the sentiment. "Ethel—darling, I love you! Doubt that if you dare!"

"No eavesdroppers to-night," he said in an undertone, as, a little later, they re-entered the room. "Last year your cousin was just behind the curtain, and must have overheard."

"Ah, then——" said Ethel quickly, but stopped.

Buchan smiled to himself, and there it ended.

A QUEER LITTLE COUNTRY.

The Republic of San Marino, in Northern Italy, is the oldest and smallest State in Europe. It is also one of the strangest little countries in the world. During fifteen hundred years it has been independent. The sanctity attached to the place, and the sentiment of religion, as much as its smallness and mothenaveness, have contributed to the preservation of the commonwealth through the changes and convulsions of the ages.

San Marino owes its origin to Marinus, a Dalmatian hermit, who established an order of Christian monks on the wild, rugged mountain of Monte Titano, in the time of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, A. D. 205.

Through all those terrible persecutions of the faithful, Monte Titano was a refuge to the suffering Christians. Marinus died in this retreat and Monte Titano was named after him, San Marino.

This miniature State—for its dimensions are nowhere six miles across, containing but twenty-two square miles—has a population of about eight thousand souls. The annual revenue is said to amount to only $14,000.

There are three or four little villages scattered about the side of the mountain, and the capital, San Marino, is situated on the very summit of the rugged elevation. Most of the people are agricultural. Every man owns a farm or a little patch of ground. Scattered all over the hill sides and the valleys are the small stone houses of the peasantry, hedged in by vineyards and groves of olives.

It is an old fashioned, simple, happy community. The men wear the dress of the peasantry of the seventeenth century, and the women know nothing of the fashions of those in the great cities. Before the doors of the farm-houses, in sunny weather, you will see aged grandmothers knitting or spinning, and wearing coifs and bodices of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's time.

The boys and girls of the lowest class wear wooden shoes. Little girls wear caps like grandmothers. Very few of the natives ever go away to the cities. They are content with their humble country life, their white-roofed cottages, their gardens and their little farms. Most of them never see anything beside their own mountain homes.

Asses and oxen carry all the burdens. There are no horses in San Marino, and it lies far from any line of railroad. Women as well as men drive these to market, with the milk, butter, cheese, fruits and vegetables.

Funny antique carts are attached to the oxen. In these strange-looking carriages, with wheels all of one solid piece of wood, and rude sticks and cloth cover, you will see a woman driving the slow, patient oxen, and perhaps knitting, and among the straw and produce there will appear a calf or a goat's head, and two or three half-naked, olive skinned children, that laugh and play all day long. The children are always playing, and they are always handsome, with chubby, ruddy limbs, and dark flashing eyes.

In the Alp Mountains.—The stranger in Switzerland will be struck at once by the beauty of the country. The women appear to do all the work. It is not unusual to see a girl and a dog hitched to a cart and trotting along like a pair of ponies. The men, great strapping fellows, idle and lazy, loaf about the breweries. Their wives daughters, and sisters till the fields and supply the markets.

The dog, the goat and the cow perform the offices commonly performed in other lands by the horse, the ox and mule. The bear is a sacred animal. So is the lion. The donkey does fancy duty at the summer resorts. But there is nothing to which a Swiss woman may not turn her hand, from milking a goat to sawing a cord of wood and drawing a load of hay. She is put to work in her childhood, and before she reaches her maturity she looks like a grandmother, wrinkled and weather-beaten, bent and careworn.

This circumstance, which appears at every turning and is written upon each countenance, leaves a painful impression and discredits the national character. A people so independent and so brave, so unaffected and so frugal as the Swiss are admitted to be, ought to be gentler.

The Swiss confederation is, next to San Marino, the oldest representative government of the modern world. It is a model of Jeffersonian simplicity. The congress meets twice a year and rarely extends its session over three weeks. Its members receive $4 a day during sitting. There is a federal council of seven, one of whom is chosen as preside.t for one year. This president is elected by the congress. There is no cumbrous electoral college, as with us, and no long, or second or third terms.

The popular elections are held in the churches, and the corruption of voters, or the stuffing of the ballot box or rioting about the polls is unknown. A civil-service law unwritten, but real, prevails, and good men grow old and die in the public service. Nowhere, except in the army, is age a disqualifier. The Swiss statesmen are all gray-haired, and a cursory glance at the sitting of the Swiss Congress gives the impression of a small human snow storm.

A Chief Chinese City.—The roads outside Pekin are bad. Inside matters are still worse. In addition to all the miseries usually attendant on crowded thoroughfares, one gets jumbled up among innumerable camels, ponies, carts and like impediments to progress, all of which seem bound for some place in an opposite direction to which you are going. A Pekin cart is something to be experienced, and not merely described, if justice be done to it. It is drawn by a most respectable mule, directed by a not very respectable driver. The arched roof is covered with dark blue cotton, except in rainy weather, when oil cloth is used. It is doubtless unnecessary to say that springs are conspicuous by their absence—a remark which would apply with equal force to most of the remaining resources of civilization in the city. A thin, hard mat is spread on the floor, and on this you squat as best you can. I tried tailor fashion, but afterward found it better to sit quite across the cart, with my back propped up against one side. The attitude is not very comfortable, and I have not heard that it is considered graceful, but, all things considered, it is perhaps the least objectionable position. Its drawbacks are experienced when a rut a foot deep is crossed, or when one of the flags with which some of the streets are paved is missing. Two or three feet of a drop is nothing to the mule or its driver, but to the barbarian inside it is inconvenient. The awning extends forward so far as the mule's head, and protects you from the fierce rays of the sun. When the road is bad the driver walks, and when it is good—that is, when it is not excessively bad—he hops up in front, and shuts you up in a veritable oven.

Plants for Graves.—Plants to succeed well in a cemetery must be possessed of strong and vigorous constitutions. They cannot be visited every day, and must be capable of withstanding at least temporary adverse conditions. A few hardy plants that will bear winter's cold and summer's heat are desirable, even if one should annually make a planting for the summer, for, as we are all aware, such attention may at any time be interrupted, or even wholly stopped, and then the hardy plants that hold their place will still indicate the love and care that placed them there.

Transplanting has more to do with preserving butter than anything else. If exposed to variable temperatures no amount of salt will help it. If kept from contamination of odors, and in a cool place, it will retain flavor and keep much better than when preserved in brine. Brine, however, assists in many respects, but should not be depended upon entirely.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The following recipe, according to the Greek philosopher Epimenides, who lived for fifty years in a cavern with no apparent means of sustenance, is said to be a specific against hunger:—Cooked squills, or onions, to be finely chopped up and mixed with a fifth part of poppy heads. This compound to be ground up together with some honey and shaped into balls of about the size of a large olive, which is equal to that of a small walnut. People cannot starve if they eat one ball at about eight o'clock and another at about four. Is not this worth a trial?

The mass of the country people in Greece, said a recent traveller, are poor, living in the simplest way, dressing in the most primitive manner, content with raisins and olives for luxuries, with leek and radish for vegetables, with little plots of Indian corn, wheat, barley and oats for bread, with a fig tree or an almond tree, with a donkey to bear burdens and goats for milk, butter, cheese or meat; living mostly in villages, still on the summit of the highest hill, near the plain, formerly fortified, and now occupied by the force of custom. But around the rims of the cities you see another influence radiating outward, and the leaven of schools and railroads will soon run through all Greece.

Germany is, to a greater extent than is commonly suspected, a land of old people. At the time of the last census there were in the Empire no less than 232 persons who had completed their hundred year. Of these, 72 were men and 160 women. The oldest person in Germany was a man in his 120th year; the next was a man in his 118th year; the next was a woman in her 117th year. There were thirteen old fellows of 106 and ten dames of 107. A lady of 115 was returned as being a spinster. How terribly she must have neglected her opportunities. Here is a country churchyard in which are the graves of a woman and her five husbands, and the age of the woman at her death was only forty-three.

A problem which is attracting astronomers relates to the earth as a time-keeper. We measure time by dividing either the period during which the earth revolves around the sun, or that in which it turns on its axis. By the first method we measure a year; by the second a day. The earth, according to some astronomers, is losing time; and through two causes. Owing to the sun's attraction and the friction, so to speak, of the tides, the earth each year revolves more slowly on its axis. The speculative question, which these astronomers are discussing is whether in the end the earth will stop its revolution upon its axis and will present always the same face to the sun. When that event occurs there will be perpetual day in one part of the earth and perpetual night in another. But there is no occasion for immediate alarm. The rate at which the earth is supposed to lose time only shortens the year by half a second in a century. There are more than 13,000,000 seconds in a year. Therefore, if the earth is really ceasing to revolve on its axis, it will be more than 6,000,000,000 years before it will stop.

The bank note paper on which American legal tender, national bank note, currency, and Government bonds are printed is made entirely at Dalton, Mass. If you should happen to stop at the paper mill, with proper introduction and credentials, you may perhaps be allowed to handle a sheet of crisp paper, where, as the wet, grayish pulp is pressed between heavy iron cylinders, bits of blue and red silk are scattered over its face and silken ribs laid on its surface. You may go beyond in the counting-room, where each sheet, as it comes from the drying-room, is carefully examined, counted, and then returned to the paper-cutter to be divided into smaller sheets. If you trace this paper still further, you will find that from the cutter's hands it passes again into the counting-room, and is separated into packages containing 1,000 sheets each, the amount recorded in a register and then packed in bundles and stored in fire and burlar-proof vaults to await shipment to the United States Treasury. From the pulp-room to the vault the precious paper is watched and guarded as carefully as though each sheet was an ounce of gold. Its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets connected with the Government's money-making. From the vault of the paper-mill at Dalton to the guarded store-room of the Treasury at Washington is a journey of several hundred miles. In the capacious vaults of the Treasury Building, among gold, silver, copper and nickel coins, bullion, paper currency and official records, you will find thousands of packages of the bank note paper made at Dalton. It comes in little iron safes, such as are used by the Adams' Express Company, and each package and every sheet is carefully counted before the manufacturer and express company are relieved of further responsibility. The paper that arrives to day may lie in the Treasury store-room for years, or it may be sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to receive, to remain in the course of a month's time a legal tender or bank note.

Little Dot.—"What does Mr. Sparrow go to your house so often for?" Little Dick—"He wants to marry Nell." "Is they engaged?" "No." "Did he say he wanted to marry her?" "No." "Then how do you know he does?" "Oh! He acts so like a fool."

Our Young Folks.

UNCLE HARRY'S VISIT.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON.

A CHILDREN'S party was gathered within a handsomely furnished parlor at Mr. Campbell's during the Easter holidays. They were all full of the most ardent anticipations of pleasure, inasmuch as they had just been told that Uncle Henry was to form an addition to the number of the guests who had been invited.

"And do you really think, papa, he will be able to stop all the time?" asked young Harry, who had been named after his uncle.

"Yes, unless he happens to be called out unexpectedly," replied the father. "But you know, my dears, that a doctor can never tell when he may be wanted."

"That's why I shouldn't like to be one," said Paul, the eldest of the family, a lad about fourteen years of age, and who, as may be supposed, was just beginning to give vent to his opinions about many matters, with all the authority of one who imagined he has arrived at the time when, without any possibility of doubt, he had cut all his wisdom teeth.

"But I shouldn't mind giving up my own pleasure if I thought I could be able to ease somebody else's pain," replied Harry. "And that's why I should like to be a doctor when I'm old enough. It must be nice to be always going about helping to make other people well."

"Yes, but not nice to be dragged out of a jolly party, or to get out of a warm bed in the depth of winter, as I've heard Uncle Harry has had to put up with lots of times," added Paul, with increased vigor in the tone of his voice.

"But that would be more than recompensed, my boy," added the father, "by the conviction that you had been doing something to make others happy."

"Perhaps so," replied Paul. But for my part, I should prefer to do it in some other way, which would be more pleasant to myself."

"Then you will never know, my boy, by blessed experience what it is to enjoy the real luxury of doing good for its own sake, and not for the hope of reward."

"Well, I mean to try and do so, papa," said Harry, "whether I'm to be a doctor or anything else."

"That right, Harry; and let me add, you will never regret it as long as you continue to act from such a conviction."

Just then the bell rang, and Harry, giving vent to his wishes, said—

"There's uncle, I'm sure it's his ring;" and off he scampered to the door, to catch the first sound of the voice, so as to confirm his opinion.

He happened to be right, and in a few moments they were all in high spirits, as nothing had occurred to keep their uncle away from their gathering. One guest after another arrived, amid which there was a constant clattering of voices as they greeted one another. Everything bade fair to result in a speedy fulfilment of at least the first part of their good wishes. They all felt as merry as possible, especially when Uncle Harry entered so heartily into every plan to promote their enjoyment. At length there was a pause in their games, and Mrs. Campbell, with a true mother's sympathy, said when quiet was restored—

"Well, I think you are having a merry time of it."

"Yes, yes," one after another of the little ones replied.

"Can you tell me the secret why you are all so happy?" asked Uncle Harry, putting on for the moment a serious kind of look.

"Because we are," said little Polly, and one or two others.

"That's very true, my dears, but why are we? What is it that gives us so much pleasure?"

"Because we've had such lots of fun," replied Teddy, another little fellow, whose face beamed with brightness as he uttered the words.

"That's it," added Paul; as if his decision would settle the whole matter.

"But why have we had such lots of fun?" asked Uncle Harry, as if he was determined to get to the bottom of the source of their joy.

"Because—I know," answered Alice, a little seven year-old girl, who had been as full of joy as she could be all the evening.

"And please tell us what you know about it, Miss Wisdom," said Paul.

"Yes, let us have your secret, Alice," added Mrs. Campbell, who felt sure that it would be of such a nature as to prove of service to others.

All eyes were turned at once upon the little maid, as she stood with her bright smiling face and sparkling eyes, laughing at their anxiety to get possession of her secret.

"Come, Miss Oracle," added Paul, "be so good as to make others as wise as yourself. We are all waiting for your verdict."

"I know, I know," she again said, with evident satisfaction that her own impressions were right, whatever others might think or say.

"Then tell us what you know, my dear," said Uncle Harry, who began to imagine that beside her smiling face without there was also a warm loving heart within, which would prompt her to give a right answer.

Encouraged by such a direct appeal, she replied—

"It is because we have all been trying to make each other as happy as we can, without thinking of ourselves."

"You are right, my dear, perfectly right," added Uncle Harry. "Yet it is strange how few children, and even grown-up people, seem to know that this is the secret of real happiness. Those boys and girls, and men and women, are the happiest who are always doing all they can to make other people happy, because true happiness consists in loving and being loved. People may be admired for their beauty or talent, sought for their influence or wealth, but we shall only be loved as we love. Shall I tell you a story about this kind of love?"

"Yes, do, please," first one and then another replied.

"One day a kind father, while talking to his daughter about many things, asked her how it was that everybody loved her?

"'I do not know,' was her sweet, yet wise answer, 'unless it is because I try to love everybody.'

"Now, you may all have the same joy if you go about it in the same way. I am sure you will be able to find out how, if you will only keep your eyes open and seek for it. I saw the other day a strong lad carrying a heavy basket up a hill for a tired girl. He looked as happy as a prince as he did it. Another dear boy I also met who was whistling while leading a blind man across a wide road.

"I also heard of a very little girl of whom her grandmother said, 'My dear grandchild is hands, feet, and eyes to me.'"

"How was that, uncle?" asked Harry.

"Why, she ran about nimbly, and did all she could to make the house comfortable and tidy. Then she took her grandmother everything she asked for, and when these things were done, she sat down, and read so nicely a chapter or two out of the Bible to her. Isn't that better than being selfish, and careless, and indifferent to the dear old blind lady?"

"It is, I am quite sure," replied Alice.

"And shall I tell you another story?" asked Uncle Harry.

"Do, please," was the response."

"This is about a little girl too. She was one day coming home from school, quite happy to think that she had been useful. It came about in this way. One of her school-fellows was in great trouble, because her baby-brother had died that day."

"And what could she do to help her?" asked Polly, with a tear starting in her eye.

"She went and put her own cheek against the little girl's and cried too, and told her she was sorry for her. The result was, that after a little while the poor girl left off crying, because the kindness and love had done her good."

"There now," said Mrs. Campbell. "I think we shall all be better able to understand how it is that those are the happiest who make others happy."

"Yes; and not only so," added Uncle Harry, "but they are able to keep out of their hearts that bad spirit of selfishness, which always hinders them from blessing others, and also gets in the way of their own happiness. But come, dears, let us try to make each other feel we all want to be merry and happy again before we part for the night.

Away they started. Game after game was enjoyed, song was sung, piece after piece played. Each one had caught Uncle Harry's spirit, and seemed to be ready and willing to take some part in adding to the pleasure of the evening.

When the time come for parting Uncle Harry said, "My dear boys and girls, let me try to impress upon you never to forget these two words. Seek at all times to be 'Merry and Happy.' Try also to do all you can to help others to feel the blessedness of such a state to live in, and then you will realise how true it is that 'good deeds, like chickens, come home to roost,' and you will also find your own happiness will never in any way be lessened, but it will be very much increased as the years roll by."

The children felt that it was indeed a good time spent together. They have never forgotten the lesson, and perhaps the best proof of it may be found in the fact that Master Paul took the opportunity of saying to his papa the very next morning at breakfast—

"Papa, I've altered my mind since last night."

"Indeed! In what way?"

"I am going to study to be a doctor, so that I can help to increase the happiness of others."

"What has led you to such a decision, my boy?"

"I found out Uncle Harry's secret last night. He so clearly showed me that every one can help if they like to make others happy, and it is certainly a better thing than to live merely for oneself."

"You are right, my son."

Subsequently events have proved this to be correct, for a happier family cannot be found than that of the Campbells; and no family are more ready to try and make others happy also.

SUN AND FIRE.—The reason of "the sun putting out a fire" is thus explained: At the time of day when the sun shines into a room the fire is often allowed to get dull, and the sun's rays warm and rarefy the air in the room as much as the fire warms the air passing over it up the chimney. Hence the draught ceases and the fire goes out. To remedy the inconvenience open the door or the window a little the same as you would put out the fire.

PLAY sometimes seems to discard right and wrong to be used reasoning about, but obeying.

THERE is not a word in the language so disregarded as prudence.

TOYS AND TOY MAKERS.

BY E. S. S.

AS we were looking into the windows of a beautiful toy-shop one day, and admiring the many pretty things to be seen, it suddenly struck us that among all the children who wore the happy little possessors of dolls and other toys, none of them probably knew anything about how they were made, where they came from, and what a number of people earn their living in making them. We propose therefore giving a short account, which we think will interest many readers.

Very few toys are made in this country itself but all over Germany and Switzerland there are small villages where the inhabitants devote themselves to making toys, and where most of the large manufactories are.

Most of these villages are close to large forests where the wood is of a particularly suitable nature for carving and modelling, and it is wonderful to think that even the cheap wooden dolls and animals, and the fascinating pots and pans sold so cheaply go through many hands before they are finished, and ready to be sent to all parts of the world.

Hundreds of people are employed in the different villages, and in some cases all the members of one family make the same thing year after year, and have been doing so for many generations, without having any wish to learn anything else beyond their own branch of art.

There is a regular system in the various houses and manufactories, and a great part of the work is done at home; men, women, and even small children being all busily employed and cheerfully singing as they work.

In one cottage the family may be seen carving out the arms for the dolls, in another the legs, in another forming the heads. Another makes the bodies of carts, another the wheels, another the harness, another the different parts of animals; and this is all done with the aid only of a knife, which is not really like a knife in shape, but something after the pattern of a cheese-scoop.

With this a clever worker takes a block of wood and cuts away at it until it has the form of the object desired, and then it is passed on to the next person. The various pieces have to be put together with great skill and accuracy; then a thin sort of plaster made of yellow chalk is put all over the figure, which gives it a smooth surface and covers up all the holes; after this those that are to be painted are given to the artist, who are very often young girls, and the plan is for each set of about twelve to keep to the same color.

In one house all the horses are painted grey, with black spots; another set make the color red with white points, another all black. Hundreds of Noah's Arks are painted with red roofs, the body part white and the lower part brown.

In this way the work goes on rapidly, as there is no stopping for changing or mixing the colors, and constant practice makes perfect. The gilding is done by another set of people, and requires great care and neatness.

No machinery is used for the cheaper toys, but such humble materials as glue, paper, chalk, and wood, are sufficient, and wax, hair, wool, fur, and papier-mache for the more expensive goods.

Besides the dolls themselves all the clothes are made by the women and girls, some of the best having the most beautiful court-dresses, and costumes of the latest fashions, with laces, hats, bonnets, and underlinen to match; other dolls are dressed as sailors and soldiers, others as babies with long clothes, some in ball dresses of every shade and color.

The dolls, when they are dressed, are covered all over with tissue paper, and carefully placed in boxes, that they may be quite fresh and clean whenever they are required for sale.

In addition to dolls, wooden animals, furniture, carts, and numbers of other toys, there is a place set apart for the animals covered with skin and wool. These are made of a soft pulp or papier-mache, and pressed into moulds kept on purpose for the different parts, and when dry pieced carefully together. Soft skins or wool in imitation of a horse, dog, cow or elephant are glued on to the bodies, and they fit so beautifully, and are so true in color and feel, that they look quite life-like. A rocking-horse we saw had such a perfect coat, and was so large in size that it might have been taken for real; while some of the expensive toys are made to talk in such a marvellous way that a baby can say papa and mamma, a dog can bark, a cat mew, and a cock crow. This is easily done with two thin pieces of metal fixed inside the body.

The small musical instruments that are an especial delight to boys, such as horns and trumpets, are also made in these villages, and another large and profitable trade is the mask-making or false faces, the show-rooms being full of a curious assortment of all kinds of grotesque shapes and expressions. In one of the villages the people are at work producing millions of glass eyes, marbles, fruit, flowers, and the pretty glass balls which are used for Christmas trees and make them look so bright; here also spun glass is made into birds, and animals.

This process is very trying to the workmen, on the heat of the gas for melting the glass, and for the purpose of turning, which makes it necessary to watch the flame, injures the eyes, and sometimes causes blindness.

From the picturesque old city of Nuremberg come the wonderful magnetic clock-work boats, water-birds, engines, etc., that almost surpass every other kind in ingenuity and cleverness. These are chiefly made of thin brass, as it is light, and no water can penetrate to the works, which are arranged inside, and have to be kept free from damp and dust. Great care has to be taken to solder the pieces together, and then the painting is done in the same order as the wooden toys. Easter eggs are sent out from another factory in the same city, for which there is a large sale; and even more interesting than these is the manufactory for toy soldiers and weapons of war, of every regiment and country.

All the figures are first designed and colored on paper, and carefully copied. Lead and tin, melted and poured into moulds, are the metals used, and the figures are afterwards painted exactly, to show the dress or armor of the regiment required.

Porcelain and paper dolls and animals are also made in one of the small towns, and lastly, the care necessary in the packing of this vast number of toys is quite a business, and it would astonish the little ones to see how many hands are needed to carry out this last, but certainly not least important, part of the work.

THE TALE OF A KNIFE.—So sharp and so bright, it was really a sight to rejoice a boy's heart, was that wonderful knife! And great was Jack's pride and delight as he cried, "I'll keep it, I will, to the end of my life."

Just then in came mother, who gently said, "No, you'd slice off your thumb or a finger or so. You must wait till your older my dear little boy; I can't let you have such a dangerous toy."

With crestfallen face and with tear bedimmed eyes, Jack took one last look, and then gave up his prize. Now it happed one day, all the rest were away on a water excursion, or some other diversion, that Jacky was left all alone in his glory; and now comes the terrible part of my story. For it seems that some fate put it into his pate that up in the cupboard his dear knife was lying; the thing of all others for which he'd been sighing.

Now he reached it, and opened it wide. "'Tis the loveliest knife in the whole world," he cried, not heeding Miss Puss, who miaowed from her mat, "You'll be sorry for that, take the word of a cat." The knife slipped, alas, Jack was sorry indeed, and bitterly wept when he saw his thumb bleed. Such a gash! ah, 'tis plain, he will meddle with edged tools, no, never again!

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage-coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on our part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first person you meet.

A HAMSTRUNG JURY.—You have no doubt heard the ham story. The affair took place years ago. A man was indicted for stealing a large number of hams from a smoke house. At the trial on the indictment the testimony was so clear and strong against the prisoner that his lawyer was disinclined to argue the case to the jury.

"Get up," said the prisoner, "and abuse the witnesses; I tell you the jury are all right."

His counsel did as he was told. The prosecuting counsel did not deem it necessary to trouble the jury in so plain a case, and the judge having given a brief charge, the jury retired. They soon returned into court, and to the amazement of judge, bar, witnesses, and spectators, rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

As they went out of the court house the lawyer asked the prisoner how on earth the jury came to bring in such a verdict.

"Why," said the prisoner, "every man on that jury had some of the hams."

CHINESE MARRIAGES.—They never have any breach of promise cases in China. A Chinese belle is not three days old before her parents have betrothed her to some acceptable scion of a neighbor's house. When she is old enough—and she does not have to be very old; if she were in this country she would be still playing with her doll—she goes to the house of her affianced and marries him. She weeps and wails all the way there, as if her idea of matrimony was not exactly a cheerful one. There is always mourning at a Chinese marriage, while at a Chinese funeral there is always a band of music and rejoicing.

A STREET tramp recently entered a bank, and addressing the cashier, asked for a dollar. "A dollar!" exclaimed the cashier, "can't that rather high? I should think a necktie would be about your size, wouldn't it?" "Well," said the tramp, "if you think that you understand this begging business better than I do, perhaps we had better change places. If it suits you I'm agreeable."

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

BY ANNE FINCH.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet the sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove,
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapor clears.

But, oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling, we ascend
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime
And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past;
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter-storm,
And every look's a frown.

THE LOT OF WOMAN.

Under the dark covert of Pagan superstition and Mahometan delusion, unopposed by the sword of the Spirit, man accomplishes with ease his fiendish purposes, and adds the wormwood and gall of universal malice and contempt to all the bitterness of the dregs that has filled her cup of woe, from the cradle to the death of her Pahusband.

Formerly, the Caffre window, on the decease of her husband, whatever was the season of the year, and whatever her condition, was compelled to fly to the forest, and houseless, hungry, and alone, mourn her loss day after day. During her absence her dwelling was plundered by her relatives of everything valuable, set on fire, and consumed, and the only dowry allotted her from her husband's property was a new garment, made from the hide of one of his oxen. On returning from the wilderness, she built a new hut with her own hands, and subsisted on the avails of her own labor. Missionary enterprise has succeeded in abolishing this cruel custom, and Mr. Shaw, the missionary who was instrumental in accomplishing it, received the name of Unkinets Umfazie, (the woman's shield), by which he is now generally known in Caffraria.

In Greenland, when the husband dies, the widow, if unprotected by friends, is usually robbed of a considerable portion of her property by those who come to sympathize with her by an affected condolence, and can obtain no redress. If aged and infirm, she is not unfrequently buried alive by her own children.

Before Christianity commenced its reign in the Society Islands, wrestling was a favorite amusement of females, and one in which those of the highest rank engaged, not only with each other, but also with the men, in the presence of thousands of spectators of both sexes.

Immediately after marriage, every female provided herself with an instrument set with rows of shark's teeth, with which, on the death of any of the family, she fearfully cut and lacerated herself, beating the head, temples, cheeks, and breast, till blood flowed profusely, while she uttered the most deafening and agonizing cries.

Here in one place their bodies are rubbed with bear's grease, and there with fish oil, or some offensive compound of vegetable and animal matter. The sheep skin, or the bullock's hide,—the tattered handkerchief, or the entrails of slain beasts, serve for partial protection from the frosts of winter, or the burning summer's sun; and scarce answer the purpose of fig-leaves in the fallen first pair.

In Arabia, they stain their fingers and toes red; their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around the eyes, color their eyebrows and hair, and stain the face and neck with figures of beasts, birds, flowers, etc. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black.

Hindu females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, paint the body with saffron and tumeric mixed with grease. In nearly all the Islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and in many other parts of the world, like the men, they tattoo the body, with an instrument resembling somewhat a fine-toothed comb, whose sharp teeth, dipped into a solution of indigo or soot, are thrust into the flesh, introducing the coloring matter to remain forever, and imprinting a great variety of fanciful figures on the face, the lips, the tongue, the limbs, the whole body. The process is painful, though not more so than that of the female Greenlander, who first saturates threads with soot, and then inserts them beneath the skin, and draws them through.

In New Holland, the women cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, from wales or seams on the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint,—a process performed in infancy by tying a hair around it so tight as to produce mortification. In some parts of Hindustan, at the time of marriage, a like portion of the third and little finger is removed. A similar custom prevails among the Hottentots.

Among some of the savage tribes of America, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull to flatten it, and add to the beauty of its form. In nearly all the South Sea Islands, custom requires an incision to be made in the lobe of each ear, into which rolls of leaves, or long pieces of wood or ivory are inserted, and from these, shells or fish teeth are suspended, to such an amount that their weight draws down the ear nearly to the shoulder, and not unfrequently tears it asunder.

The mother of Sumatra carefully flattens the nose of her daughter; and in New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted, making it difficult to breathe. On the northwest coast of America an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip and filled with a wooden plug.

In Guiana, the lip is pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth and the points resting on the chin. And in Java, Borneo and Celebes they file their teeth to a point and color them black, considering it disgraceful to let them remain "white like the teeth of dogs."

In some countries corpulency is esteemed essential to beauty, and the wives of kings and chiefs are beloved in proportion to the sleek fatness and gross weight of their persons.

Grains of Gold.

The great art to learn much is to undertake a little at a time.

Consume little time in regret. The best repentance is reformation.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

His daily prayer, far better understood in acts than words, was simply doing good.

To some purpose is that man wise who gains his wisdom at another's expense.

He must rise early, yea, not at all go to bed, who will have every one's good word.

You are not very good if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.

Those who know most are generally the best listeners and the most anxious to know more.

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers and clouds and stars.

The art of living easily with regard to money is to pitch your scale of living at least one degree below your means.

Recollect every day the things you have seen, or heard, or read, which may have made any addition to your understanding.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.

There can be no study without time, and the mind must abide and dwell upon things, or be always a stranger to the inside of them.

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.

A wise man knows an ignorant one, because he has been ignorant himself; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he was never so.

Write your name, in kindness, love and mercy, on the thousands you come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten if you do so.

Femininities.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

It is the worst claudestine marriage when God is not invited to it.

Twenty-five Mormon women are at work as missionaries in East Tennessee.

It is a craze to have in one's house as many different kinds of ornamental lamps as possible.

To prevent the juice of pies soaking into the under crust, beat the white of an egg and brush the crust with it.

Truth is not exciting enough to those who depend on the characters and lives of their neighbors for all their amusement.

"Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it were made a century ago," says an exchange. So can some children.

In sweeping carpets use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn to pieces. The paper collects the dust, but does not soil the carpet.

A girl sang, "Darling, I am growing old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

When you have learned to submit, to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.

Little Willie, when he first saw his new baby cousin, gazed on the tiny thing for a moment in awed silence and then whispered: "Mamma, is he a her?"

The Queen of the Belgians recently took pot luck with the officers of a regiment of infantry. Her dinner was a plate of cabbage soup and a pickled pig's foot.

Wind colic is promptly relieved by peppermint essence taken in a little warm water. For small children it may be sweetened. Paregoric is also good.

A New York girl, who is about to be married, has imported her wedding cake from England. Probably she knows how New York wedding cakes are made.

A Louisville furrier informs "those ladies who wish to have a really genuine article, that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, etc., of their own skins."

To cure stomach cramps take ginger ale or a teaspoonful of the tincture of ginger in a half glass of water into which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved.

The Princess of Wales, in having her daughters taught dressmaking, has determined that they shall make some of their own gowns as an example to poor, but proud, gentlewomen.

The robbery of a woman of her wedding-ring, at Worcester, Mass., last week, was closely followed by her death. An autopsy showed that a blood vessel burst in her brain.

Mrs. Harriet Jones, of Wallingford, Ct., who is 75 years old, has raised a family of 15 children and had 6 husbands, 3 of her weddings having occurred after she had passed her 60th birthday.

When the small boy reaches the dentist's to have a tooth removed his toothache departs. Would that a woman's ache for a bonnet would fly as quickly and positively on reaching the modiste's.

I will not say it is not Christian to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the Devil feels, you do know if you are such an one.

Deceive not thyself by over-expected happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences.

"Do you think," she asked dreamily, as he sat beside her at the circus, "that this is the same elephant I saw when I was a child?" "No!" he answered, with scornful candor; "you know elephants only live to be 200 years old." It won't be this year.

Florence Marryatt, an English writer, who visited this country last summer, states that she saw a little girl of six take her place alone at a hotel table. On being asked by the waiter if she ought to be there without her parents she coolly replied: "I guess I pay my way."

The aristocratic society of New Haven, Ct., is greatly shocked over the recent marriage of a wealthy young belle with a mechanic. It is just possible that she may make him a very good wife, and there is no reason of raising a hullabaloo about it. He took his chances, anyway, and if he has made a bad bargain he has only himself to blame.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hanged; for that is the only way to prevent her from throwing his memory into your face and making annoying comparisons." "Even that wouldn't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she would praise him by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

Colonel Whooper: "Sah, in your paper of yesterday morning you referred to me as 'a badly scared veteran.' You promised to correct the error this morning." Editor: "Well, it's all right in this morning's paper, ain't it?" Colonel: "No, sah; it now reads that I am a 'bottle scarred veteran.' Now, sah, if you make one more correction I'll hold you personally responsible, sah."

Charitable person to Brown: "I am getting up a subscription for poor Mrs. Blank, whose husband died last week. Will you put your name down for something?" Brown: "No, I think not. Husbands die every day. Mrs. Blank is no worse off than many other widows in town." Charitable person: "But, my dear friend, this is the fourth husband Mrs. Blank has had. It's no ordinary case."

A Deadwood justice of the peace was called upon to marry a young couple, and did so promptly. Hardly an hour had elapsed before a female friend of the new-made bride came and explained that the latter had been married to spite a lover with whom she had quarreled, and had since made up the tiff, and therefore desired to be divorced. She was surprised when told she could not be accommodated.

Masculinities.

A. G. Spalding, president of the Chicago Base Ball Club, is said to be worth over $250,000.

"Yes, sir," remarked the veteran, smilingly; "I was in ten engagements—all Southern girls, too."

A man may sit in your office all day and not be a bore, provided he will listen while you do the talking.

Be not too earnest, loud or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

The longer one lives the more he finds out that this is a world in which a man can do everything but something he wants to do.

Phrenology is a fraud. Look at a man's trousers. If they bag at the pockets, he has money; if they bag at the knees, he has brains.

True happiness, my son, consists in finding that you have paid $3 for an article exactly like that for which your friend had to pay $3.25 the day before.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking. Hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Writing a letter is, to many people, an irksome task, but it isn't half so irksome as it is to hear a lawyer reading your letter aloud five years afterward in open court.

Men of great talents seldom escape the attacks of those who, without ever favoring the world with any production of their own, take delight in criticising the works of others.

There is a man in Indiana who was named after Buchanan, and his name was then changed to Lincoln, and from that to Grant, and he now calls himself Cleveland Smith.

The Prince of Wales has purchased the stirrups used by Archer, the famous English jockey, in his last race. A gentleman offered $250 for the revolver with which he killed himself.

He, at dinner: "May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?" Miss Vassar, just graduated: "Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!"

George Augustus Sala, the English author, when in this country said: "I object to two things in America—the pie and the hotel child. Not until the child is made into the pie will I tolerate either."

The Duke de Veragna, of Spain, is a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, and a breeder of fighting bulls. He has just been decorated by the French Government with the order of Agricultural Merit.

Professor Brown-Sequard, of New York, has been informing his students that death by throat-cutting is painless from the moment the skin of the neck is severed, and that the severing of the larynx produces complete anæsthesia.

Papa: "No, my dear, I would not wear tan-colored gloves; they do not match your dress." His heiress: "Dear me, neither do I. But then, you know, papa, I can get a dress and a wrap and a bonnet and a parasol to match the gloves!"

Thomas Wight, of Otisfield, "the most eccentric man in Maine," died recently at the age of 90, having never in his life been ill a day. He is said to have eaten a half pint of ashes every day for many years, but this is probably a concentrated lie.

Tommy, who wants to prove things that he hears: "Mother, do you think our big dog Lion would save a little girl's life if she fell into the water?" Mother: "I dare say he would, dear." Tommy, enthusiastically: "Oh, then, do throw Topsy in."

Young husband: "Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear?" Young wife, anxiously: "O, I hope not, dear. I took such pains with them. I even sprinkled them with jockey club before I put them to boil to take away the unpleasant odor."

A certain current slang phrase has been traced to no less a person than John Bunyan. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" occurs the passage: "When it is a cold day for them in a nation, then they lurk in the hedges, though their ordinances lie there, as leaves that are dry and fallen down from the tree."

The difference between rising every morning at 6 and at 8, in the course of 40 years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or 3 years, 121 days and 16 hours, which are equal to 8 hours a day for exactly 10 years if life were added, wherein we may command 8 hours every day for cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

A farmer of Smithfield, N. C., who had previously been taken in by confidence sharps in New York, opened a correspondence under an assumed name with the same advertisers, after he got back home, arranged an interview with them, and last week succeeded in placing one of the active schemers in the hands of the police.

There is a sect of mendicants in India who are worshippers of the god Krishna. Though men, they put on the dress and ornaments, and assume the manners, of milkmaids. This is supposed to be very pleasing to the object of their worship; for, when he was on earth, he is said to have been very partial to the milkmaids, and to have married no fewer than 16,000 of them.

The weights of Continental officers is reported on the authority of a memorandum book of Hezekiah Niles, an officer of the Massachusetts line, as follows: Generals—Washington, 240 pounds; Knox, 280; Lincoln, 224; Greaton, 166; Huntington, 182. Colonels—Michael Jackson, 232; Henry Jackson, 238; Swift, 219. Lieutenant Colonels—Huntington, 232; Humphreys, 221; Cobb, 186. The weighing is said to have taken place at West Point, August 19th 1783.

A shrewd piece of swindling is reported by the French papers as having occurred at the races. Two men, apparently of the bookmaker profession, had managed to pocket several hundred dollars on betting, when an official-looking person caused them to be taken and led off the ground, to the evident regret of the bystanders. It was not long, however, before it was found out that the pseudo policeman was in league with his supposed victims, and had only disappeared to divide the easy haul with them.

Recent Book Issues.

"1000 Legal Doubts, or the Lawyer's Occupation Gone," is a very useful little book for all who have anything to do with the law in any shape. It is full from beginning to end of points it is well to know, concerning the numerous relations which we all stand in towards the law and our fellow men under the law. It seems to contain the kernal of a great deal of legal reading, and is put in a form that every one can easily understand. It is worthy the highest commendation. Ingersoll Lockwood of the New York Bar is the author. Dillingham, Publisher, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"How to be Witty or Old Saws with New Teeth," is the title of a book by Ingersoll Lockwood of the New York Bar. Mr. Ingersoll has tried to grasp a very broad subject, and succeeded fairly well. He takes whatever he finds running around loose in the world of fun in pun, joke, proverb or story, and dresses it up to suit himself. His cut of garment is not perhaps always the best, but the novelty of the undertaking, at least in a measure, make some amends for other faults. The extensive reader will meet many old acquaintances oddly rigged out in his pages, and the reader of less voracity, will find a great deal that is fresh, rational and amusing. Dillingham, Publisher, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"For the Sins of his Youth" is a novel by Mrs. Jane Kavanagh. It turns upon a secret marriage entered into by Herbert Wentworth, passing under the name of Chester Markham, with a young country girl. He afterwards deserts her and marries under his real name, the first wife believing him dead. She afterwards with her young son comes to the village where her husband's mills are and after the lapse of years, they meet and recognize each other. This is the penalty of the sins of his youth. Such is the main theme of the tale, which introduces factory life, labor troubles, fashionable churches and ministers, young lovers, etc., with the other usual elements of plot and character. Many may like the story, but better ones by far are being forgotten every day. Dillingham, Publisher, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Madrigals and Catches," by Frank Dempster Sherman; 18 mo., fancy paper, $1.00; White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Gayly flows the poet's muse in these verses. They have the flavor of the fresh spring buds, and as we read we feel on our cheek the breeze of May. How various the conceits, a glance at the titles will disclose. For instance: Morning Mist, Summer, The March Wind, An April Carol, A Glow-Worm, With a Rose, Apple Blossoms, A Bunch of Quatrains, A Persian Dancing Girl, The Book-Hunter, Love's Season, In Parenthesis, A Bundle of Letters, A Rhyme for Priscilla, To Cupid, Engaged, An Untutored Mind, Breezes of Morning, A Butterfly in Wall Street, When Twilight Comes, A Swell, etc. Mr. Sherman has succeeded in a field where many have lamentably failed, and short of enjoying his subjects in themselves, nothing can be more delightful than reading of them in these daily pages. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Trifet's Galaxy of Music is a good publication. Each number contains from ten to twelve pieces of select music for voice, or piano. Published at 408 Washington street, Boston.

Wide Awake for May has contributions by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Clara Doty Bates, Louise Imogen Guiney, Marion Douglass, Lizzie W. Champney, M. E. B. Oscar Fay Adams, Fred. A. Ober, and other popular authors, and illustrations by H. Sandham, W. L. Taylor, E. H. Garrett, F. T. Merrill, E. W. Kemble, and others of equal note. The number is a brilliant one in every respect. Published by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

THE MUSIC OF THE POOR.—It is a curious fact, that nearly all the great music of the world has been produced in humble life, and has been developed amid the environments of poverty, and in the stern struggle for existence. The aristocracy has contributed very little of music, and that little can be spared without detriment. The enduring music has been the child of poverty, outcome of sorrow, and apotheosis of suffering. Sebastian Bach was the son of a hireling musician. Beethoven's father was a dissipated singer. Cherubini came from the lowest and poorest ranks of life. Gluck was a forester's son. Lulli, in his childhood, was a page, and slept in palace kitchens. Haydn's father was a wheelwright, his mother previous to marriage, was a cook in the kitchen of Count Harrach. Mozart's father was a musician in humble circumstances, and his grandfather a bookbinder. Handel was the son of a barber and surgeon. Mehul was the son of a cook. Rossini's father was a miserable strolling horn-player. Schubert was the son of a poor schoolmaster. Cimarosa's father was a mason, and his mother a washer-woman. Schumann was a bookseller's son, and Verdi the son of a Lombardian peasant. Weber's father was a strolling actor and musician. Among all the prominent composers, but three were born in affluence—Auber, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

REV. LYMAN BEECHER'S last wife was a boarding-house keeper. He took two meals there and then proposed; yet some women think it does not pay to make boarders comfortable.

FORTUNES BY CARDS.

WHILE some are reviving the old science of palmistry and showing how what may be literally called the hand-writing of fate may be read in the palms of the credulous, one recalls an art that is hardly less old—that of cartomancy, or fortune-telling by means of playing cards.

Following is the significance of the different cards, with a few suggestions that may help the ingenious to pierce the mystery of fate. We take the whole from a very old book on the art of cartomancy.

DIAMONDS.

King—A man of fair complexion, quick to anger, but easily appeased.
Queen—A fair woman; a coquette.
Knave—A deceitful relative, fair and false.
Ten—Money; success in business.
Nine—A roving disposition; a successful adventurer.
Eight—A happy marriage, though late in life.
Seven—Unpleasant business matters.
Six—Early marriage, succeeded by widowhood.
Five—Unexpected good news.
Four—An unfaithful friend; a secret betrayed.
Three—Domestic infelicity.
Two—A secret marriage; a card of caution.
Ace—A wedding-ring, or offer of marriage.

HEARTS.

King—A tolerably fair man, good-natured, but obstinate, and slow to forgive.
Queen—A woman of similar complexion, but faithful and affectionate.
Knave—A sincere friend.
Ten—Health, happiness, many children.
Nine—Wealth, high social position.
Eight—Fine clothes, parties, theatres, etc.
Seven—Many friends.
Six—Honorable courtship.
Five—A present.
Four—Domestic trouble, jealousy.
Three—Poverty, shame, caused by imprudence.
Two—Success in love.
Ace—The house of the oracle of fate.

SPADES.

King—A man of dark complexion, a villain.
Queen—A widow, ambitious, unscrupulous.
Knave—A lawyer, a person to be shunned.
Ten—Disgrace, imprisonment.
Nine—Grief, sickness, death.
Eight—Great danger, a card of caution.
Seven—Unexpected poverty caused by death of relative.
Six—A child; to the unmarried a card of caution.
Five—Great danger from bad temper.
Four—Sickness.
Three—A journey by land; tears.
Two—A removal.
Ace—Death, malice, misfortune.

CLUBS.

King—A tolerably dark man, affectionate and true.
Queen—Women of similar complexion, genteel and witty.
Knave—A sincere but passionate friend.
Ten—Unexpected wealth through death of relative.
Nine—Danger caused by drunkenness.
Eight—Danger from avarice.
Seven—A prison; danger from opposite sex; a card of caution.
Six—Competence from industry.
Five—A happy, though not wealthy, marriage.
Four—Danger of inconstancy.
Three—Quarrels, or, in reference to time, three weeks or three days. It also denotes a man may be married more than once.
Two—Disappointment.
Ace—A letter.

Of course, these are only, as it were, the letters of the alphabet that are capable of forming infinite variations in the different combinations of the cards. The person who desires to know the mysteries of fate, is represented by the king or queen of the suit he nearest resembles in complexion. If a married woman consults the cards, her husband is represented by his own suit; but a girl's lover is represented by his own color. The knaves represent the thoughts of their respective kings and queens. The ace of clubs signifies a letter, and its position either before or after the ace of hearts shows whether the letter will be sent from or to the house. The ace of diamonds, when close to the ace of hearts, foretells a wedding in the house, but the ace of spades foreshadows death.

The manipulation of the cards is very simple. The person who is desirous of knowing the future shuffles and cuts the pack into three parts, which the seer, taking up, spreads out either in a circle or in rows, with nine cards in a row, each card face upward. In the combinations thus formed he reads the signs of to-morrow. Of course, cartomancy is simply nonsense. But we give these particulars for the amusement of our readers.

CASTERS made of leather are said to be a new invention. Heavy furniture which must be moved often for sweeping soon wears bad places on floors or carpets, and a solid sole-leather caster must prove a blessing to housekeepers.

WHEN we feel with another, we are keen to detect the causes of his joy and pain, and quick to promote the one and turn aside the other.

QUICK COURTSHIPS.

A young man at a church bazar was buttonholed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds.

"Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price." "I will be cheap enough," she said, coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps—"

"Oh, come! you are just the person I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased everything on the stall. Then, at settling up, there was something said about discount.

"I cannot return any money," she said, blushing, "but if you think me dear enough there's mamma; she may give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say never."

"As you are so easily pleased, here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand; "don't insult me with a check; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it; at any rate the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a shop window went inside to examine it.

"It is exceeding lovely; I wish it were mine," she said, on satisfying herself; "what smaller figure could tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time; "it is exceeding lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amid blushes. Of course he accepted the money; but getting her address, he made such good use of the hint that the next ring she got was given by him in church.

A lady in a railway train kept looking out of the window; with her head forward, until she remembered that the gentleman opposite might possibly object.

"Do I cut off the view?" she asked.

"Merely of all I do not wish to see!" he replied gallantly.

The ice having been thus broken, they entered into conversation, and found they were to get out at the same station. The rest was plain sailing into what somebody calls "the matrimonial heaven."

"Are you married yet, Kitty?" said a sailor, after meeting an old acquaintance after returning from a long voyage. "No that somebody has never come." "Ah, then, I have brought him, after a deal of bother," he said, throwing his arms around her, and the matter was there and then settled.

THE INVENTOR OF SPECTACLES.—Few inventions have conferred a greater blessing on the human race than that which assists impaired vision. It is impossible to say how many there are at the present day whose lives would be almost valueless were it not for the use of spectacles. Indeed, Dr. Johnson rightly expressed his surprise that such a benefactor as the discoverer of spectacles should have been regarded with indifference, and found no worthy biographer to celebrate his ingenuity. Unfortunately, however, his name is a matter of much uncertainty; and, hence, a grateful posterity have been prevented bestowing upon his memory that honor which it has so richly merited. But it may be noted that popular opinion has long ago pronounced in favor of Spina, a Florentine monk, as the rightful claimant, although some are in favor of Roger Bacon. A leading author fixes the date of the invention of spectacles between the years 1280 and 1311, and says that Alexander de Spina, having seen a pair made by some other person who was unwilling to communicate the secret of their construction, ordered a pair for himself, and found them so useful that he cheerfully and promptly made the invention public. According to an Italian antiquary, the person to whom Spina was indebted for his information was Salvino, who died in the year 1318, and he quotes from a manuscript in his possession an epitaph which records the circumstance: "Here lies Salvino Armoto d'Armati of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."

"CHILDREN and fools," says the old adage, "always tells the truth!" "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was all she said."

WHOEVER understands his own interests, and is pleased with the beautiful rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

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For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, &c., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Disease, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaint.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Urinary Diseases, its marvelous power in dissolving stone and calculous concretions, curing gravel, gleet and discharges from the genital glands; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing Diabetes, Inflammation or Irritation of the Bladder, Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, White Sand, etc., establishes its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Purgation made perfect by Dr. Radway's Pills. Uniformity and Safety of Action Secured. Perfect Digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about 10 o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. ☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

A WARNING.

He sat beside her near the stove,
A prey to bashfulness;
To her he spoke no words of love,
Nor sought her hand to press.

No maiden ever had been wooed
By him, the fact was plain,
For silently he sat and chewed
The knob upon his cane.

Sometimes he at the ceiling gazed,
Sometimes his glance would stray
To her, but when her eyes she raised,
He looked another way.

And thus they silent sat, till she
Said: "John, I ought to state
That pa and ma are out to tea,
And won't return till late.

"Now, while they're absent, do not tease,
But pray remember this:
My hand you must not try to squeeze,
Nor steal from me a kiss."

At once the knob that graced his cane
John from his mouth withdrew,
And said: "I won't; don't think, Miss Jane,
That I'd do that to you?"

A deeper silence then ensued
Than had prevailed before;
John vigorously his cane's knob chewed,
A frown Jane's visage wore.

And thus they sat till half-past ten;
And when John rose to go,
And asked if he might call again,
Jane curtly answered, "No!"

—U. N. NONE.

A sweet home—A bee hive.

An act to amend—Sewing on a button.

Eyes are not eyes when cigar smoke makes them water.

Why was Eve like Sunday?—She was the first of the week.

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

The greater part of political capital is made up of private interest.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard farther than a bed ticking.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness to his corn?—When he pulls its ears.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—When you get it red hot it loses its temper.

People are constantly in the habit of talking about "our first parents," as if it were possible to have a second set!

In the first transports of delight the happy father rushed into the room, exclaiming: "I've got a son—it's a boy!"

How can you get a new set of teeth inserted gratis?—Go into somebody's garden where a big dog is kept and kick him.

Caller: "What! the professor is not at home! I see him through the curtained glass." Servant: "Oh, that is only his shadow."

It cost $22.50 in Burlington, Vt., for a man to kiss a girl in mistake for his sister, and now he is sorry he did not pick out a prettier girl.

Someone remarks that "solitude is well enough until you want to borrow something." As if that were not the very time when loanliness is most desirable.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up, and Charley hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me, so as to teach him to be generous?"

"Physician, heal thyself," jocularly said a rich man to the doctor as he came into his office. "Thanks, that is what I propose to do," replied the doctor, presenting a bill for $200. He went out well heeled.

It is stated that up to December 14, 1886, there had been granted to women of the United States letters patent for 1,935 inventions. We supposed there were a great many more designing women in this country.

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

A writer deeply interested in technical matters remarks that it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it became a lady's dress. No doubt; but most men would prefer to follow it after it became a dress, and the lady was in it.

A Missouri girl waved her hand at a stranger, and in three days they were married. It is not often that retribution follows so closely upon the wake of naughtiness; but in this instance it will probably be generally admitted that the punishment fits the crime.

Smith, to a friend who applied for a position as letter carrier: "Think yer got the persishon?" Friend: "Got it? No! The first question they asked me was how fur it was from New York to Buffalo, an' I told 'em if that was going to be the route I'd give it up."

In consequence of illegible writing, printers sometimes sadly pervert the author's meaning. A very popular authoress, speaking of her heroine as "enjoying more indulgences than usually fall to the lot of her sex," wrote the sentence so badly that it appeared as "usually fall to the lot of horses."

"Now, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle, "those trousers are altogether too big for the boy; they'll have to be changed." "No, they won't. They're all right. I bought 'em where they advertise 'Boy's clothing to play in.' They are just big enough for him to play in without going out of doors. They're so roomy."

TRICKS OF TRAMPS.—The fly-blister trick has been played for time past by tramps at and about New Castle, this State, with varying degrees of success. They go about to sympathetic persons, exhibiting their "frightfully burned limbs," caused, as they represent, by natural gas explosions. Two of the impostors were arrested lately and a physician on examining the "burns" found they were self-inflicted. Further investigation proved that these fellows had purchased "fly-blister" and put it on their arms and legs to carry out their stories of a natural gas explosion.

VINE MILDEW.—Vine growers, in regions where mildew often prevails, should make trial of the following remedies; 35 pounds of sulphate of copper is dissolved in 33 gallons of water, 33 pounds of quick lime is slaked in eight gallons of water; the lime and water mixture is then poured into the solution of copper. In using, keep the mixture well stirred. It can be applied to the foliage with a whisk broom. The treatment should be commenced soon after the foliage is well out, and be repeated so as to protect the later foliage.

FOR some reason or another but very few famous men in any walk of life have been born in Wales. Indeed, Judge Jeffreys, of bloodthirsty renown, and George Herbert are the only Welshmen we can call to mind as having made a mark in the world. No famous poet has sprung from Wales, and this in spite of the fact that the Welsh have always been a particularly poetic people; no statesman, who has made his utterances heard wherever the English tongue is spoken, has been born within the Principality.

A BOSTON woman, shopping for a wrap, saw what she thought she would like lying on the counter and, picking it up, said to the clerk: "I should like this one. It is very handsome except for all that common passementerie on the front." Excuse me, madam," said a voice in cold displeasure behind her, "excuse me, that is my jacket which I've just laid off to try on another?"

SINCE King Alfonso of Spain died a thousand babies in Madrid have been baptised with his name. Queen Christiana, moved by this mark of popular sympathy, recently presented the one thousandth baby with a book, bearing this inscription.—"To the one thousandth Alfonso, from a woman whom two Alfonsos have made happy.

The debutantes last Winter were called "debbies," for short, and those who debuted long ago and never got any farther were called "tabbies." The young women who have debuted and haven't got over it by securing a matrimonial attachment are called "tarriers," because they tarry.

"AND now, dear, is there anything that would make you feel better?" "Yes, there is." "What, darling?" "That pearl set at Stiltknees." "But, my precious, you can't wear them while you are sick abed." "No, but I will know that nobody who isn't sick abed can."

Agents make $5 a day with Plush Cheapest in U.S. Particulars free. FOSHER & MAHIN, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

IMPROVED HIRES' ROOT BEER 25 CENTS PACKAGE
Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N Y.

Restores original luster and finish to the shoe. Only Dressing that will produce a Polish without shrinking, cracking, or hardening the leather. Each Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressing. Gold Medal received at New Orleans for superiority over all others. Your Shoe Dealer has it. Manuf'd by GEO. H. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

TONIC for HEALTH
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.
It will cure entirely all ovarian or uterine troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, & consequent spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.
IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA, MENSTRUAL PERIODS PAINED without PAIN.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1, per bottle.

Agents Wanted for Dr. Lyman Abbott's Life of Beecher. Only proper one. A. Gorton & Co., Phila.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED.—Men, Women, Boys and Girls to earn $20 per month at their own homes. A nice, light, easy and profitable business. Costly outfit of samples, a package of goods and full instructions sent for 10c. Address, H. C. BOWELL & CO., RUTLAND, VT.

PENSIONS, Officers' pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved, 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D.C.

R. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
Premier Artist IN HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS,	INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS,	INCHES.
No. 1.	The round of the head.	No. 1.	From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2.	From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2.	Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3.	From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3.	Over the crown of the head.
No. 4.	From ear to ear round the forehead.		

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

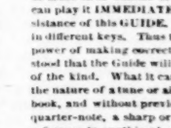
A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

WANTED men who believe that Americans should rule America and who favor restricting foreign immigration, to read MUNYON'S ILLUSTRATED WORLD, a 16p. paper. Shows how Americans are crowded from shops, stores, factories, mines, farms and offices, by foreigners. How wages are reduced, manhood degraded, and laws ar. defied. Denounces the present nationalization laws and alien landlordism. Tells how to join the American party, which now has a membership of nearly 200,000. 3 months free. Send 10c. to pay for mailing and we will send the paper for 3 mos. free. Show this offer to your friends. MUNYON'S ILLUSTRATED WORLD, Phila., Pa.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No inconsistency. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles especially constipation cured like magic. Sufferers willingly of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

SECRET OF BEAUTY
BLOOM OF YOUTH
LAIRD'S
WHITE LILAC SOAP

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.
It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.
It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.
Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.
Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.
Depot 59 Barclay St., N. Y.
The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.
LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is refreshing and soothing to the skin, leaving it beautifully clear soft and smooth.
Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.
Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.
Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.


TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.
Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, " or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.
The Guide, in short, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.
The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address
THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
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Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.
Sent on Trial, Postpaid.
50c.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.
Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS.
The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for Bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts., or both for $1. They may be returned if not satisfactory. Canvassing Agents wanted for DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, &c. No risk, quick sales. GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention paper.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A shoal of new and lovely woollen materials have been produced here, in the most exquisite colors, among them beige being extremely fashionable in all shades, from a deep beige to a hue scarcely darker than ecru; the mixture of navy blue and red is also much seen in pekin materials.

Plaids and pekins are the distinguishing note of the season, especially with chequers and stripes of large size, principally in shades of beige, but also in Russian gray and serpent-green.

Heliotrope is a fashionable color for day wear, but it is seen more in light silks and crepons than in ordinary woollens.

The prevailing mode is for two skirts, two complete skirts, one draped over the other, either in different colors or one in plain, and the other plaid or chequers to match. For instance, a lovely woolen material, Madras, has been prepared in three aspects for a single toilette—the underskirt is full, made of plain madras in a beautiful beige color trimmed with wide bias bands of the second variety of madras, a chequered fabric of a general darker beige tone produced by cross quarter-inch lines of brown and pure white.

The tunic, the second complete skirt, is of plaid to match—large cross stripes of beige and pure white, with a series of cross lines at long intervals in brown; thus the plaid recalls the plain skirt and the chequered trimming.

The corsage is of the plain material, with loose open front filled in with a blouse of plaid, apparently in one with the tunic or second skirt; the collar, front revers and paroments are of the chequered madras material.

Vendetta is a species of vigogne, plaid and plain, the skirt of plain material (pleated), the second skirt or tunic of the plaid.

One variety is a deep rich beige, the plaid having half-inch indistinct cross-lines at wide intervals of bright red outlined with white; it is extremely stylish.

Another very effective material has wide stripes of Russian gray studded with small broche red spots and equal alternate stripes of mixed gray (black and white diagonal lines) studded with white spots. Cross-stripes of the mixed gray turn the pekin into a plaid, these cross-stripes darkening the Russian gray, and turning the mixed gray into black.

The plain to match is of the mixed gray, and is much darker than the Russian gray but matches better on the whole with the general tone of the plaid.

La Bossiere is a superb material of the vigogne type, in a delicate Russian gray; the pekin to match has at wide intervals series of horizontal stripes of five quarter-inch lines, half an inch apart—one white, two red and two very dark gray, almost black.

The stripes are vertical, and are very wide, one being the plain vigogne with its cross lines at intervals, the other consisting of ten plush ribs or narrow stripes, a quarter-inch apart, in various shades of brown, down to the palest gray beige. The pekin is used for the skirt, and is one of the most beautiful and fashionable materials of the season.

Dante is a fabric something of the same style, in an old, rather pale, brick-red shade; the pekin has alternate three-inch stripes of this, and stripes of pure white with vertical ribs of brick-red plush upon it.

Pekin D'Utrecht is an exquisite woollen fabric of the palest beige, or rather dark ecru, the three-inch stripes being alternate with similar stripes in plush of the same delicate shade.

The plain matches the woollen stripe; it would be impossible to conceive anything more lovely for a bride's "going away" dress, as it awkwardly termed. The color, the texture, the style, are all beyond praise; it must be seen to be appreciated; it will, no doubt, be largely patronized by the fashionable brides of the season.

A less dressy but beautiful material is of a rich deep brown, a kind of camel's hair, the pekin having wide beige stripes upon it embroidered with spots of beige silk.

Massena is again in two varieties, and makes up most effectively. The plain is like that just mentioned, and is of a light prelat color, but the fancy has the diagonal lines of the ground alternately prelat and white, instead of being all prelat.

Quarter-inch lines of pure white cross the material horizontally at inch distances, and stripes, or ribs of prelat plush cross the material vertically at similar distances; it is very effective.

Pompadour moire is a most beautiful pekin material, with wide white crepon stripes embroidered with a Pompadour garland of pink and blue flowers with green leaves, the remaining stripe being white moire, half wool, half silk; it makes exquisite skirts beneath a polonaise of white crepon.

Viviane is a navy blue voile of very delicate texture striped with a kind of passementerie cord line in red, pale blue, greens and white, the voile spaces between being embroidered with Pompadour flowers in red and white with shaded green leaves.

Manlio is rather in the same style, but it has very wide stripes, one plain navy voile and the other two embroidered stripes outlined and separated by three parti-colored cord lines or stripes. The plain voile to match forms the draperies and bodice.

This new voile is of very fine delicate texture, and is made in all colors with fancy pekins to match. The pekin capulet voile, to match the plain in a soft Russian gray, has very wide voile stripes and narrower stripes of satin cloth in the same color figured up each edge with circles, like buttons, of ribbed woollen ottoman, also in the same shade.

Nevada is plain, and pekin voile in a rich antique blue, a new shade; the pekin has three-inch stripes alternately plain voile, and a pretty lace-like stripe in pure white wool supported on cross threads of blue; it is a beautiful material, suitable for young girls and young married ladies.

Turning from these beautiful pekins and plaids, all novelties especially produced for the spring of '87, we come to a voile in a rich brown (la Tarasque) with broche to match—the brown ground studded with separate velours frisees flowers in six different colors (or rather combinations of several colors) which harmonize beautifully with the brown.

The Zodiac is a woollen material, plain and broche, a kind of crepon, of a delicate creamy white, the plain of which combines beautifully with the lovely white Pompadour moire quoted above.

The broche zodiac is the white material studded at intervals with large irregular circles of shaded plush in three dark colors, which look very rich on the pure ground.

Among the novelties in plain woollen materials, the Arabesque may be mentioned, to be employed for the whole toilette. It is a woollen of beautiful texture, in various colors, darned all over in an arabesque pattern with parti-colored silks.

Sirocco is a capital plain material for spring mantles; perhaps "plain" hardly describes it correctly, for the surface is a fine filigree but regular mass of black and white threads eccentrically and irregularly crossed with indistinct red threads at intervals; it is very new.

All the plain materials among these novelties are double width, the elaborate pekins and broches being single width, about 27 inches wide; the plaids are double width like the plain fabrics.

A charming spring visiting toilette has a skirt of "pain brule" velvet, edged with a thick chenille fringe of the same color. Above are the redingote panels open in front and slightly draped on the hips, as long as the skirt and independent of the drapery at the back; these panels are of course woollen, a large square network of beige color, embroidered tapestry fashion with Egyptian terra-cotta designs. It is very original and elegant.

The corsage is of velvet, open "en chale" over a chemisette of the embroidery; the basques, cut away on the hips, are filled in with added square pockets, ornamented with enamelled buttons. The backs and side pieces form three tabs on the tournure. A draped toque of "pain brule" velvet finishes the costume, ornamented with two open wings in front.

Odds and Ends.

LACE PAINTING AND ITS USES.

Painted lace has become quite the rage here, not only for house decoration, but as trimming for ladies' apparel.

Nothing can be more beautiful and novel than this style of trimming, and the method is so simple that a tyro in art need not fear a failure if the directions given below are closely followed.

Spanish lace edgings are the prettiest for dress trimmings, and they may now be had in a variety of designs, such as daisies, primroses, wild roses and star flowers of various width, and usually with scalloped edges.

Select a pattern of lace, the flowers of which correspond in color to the material of the dress to be trimmed. Then lay two or three folds of soft cloth over a smooth board or table, and stretch the lace over this, fastening it at intervals with thumb tacks to keep it in place.

A small shallow saucer will be required for each color. The Windsor and Newton water-colors are considered the best, and may be purchased in tubes at any shop where artists' materials are kept.

The gum water used to dilute the paint and prevent the color from spreading is made by putting ½ oz. of gum arabic in a pint of tepid water, with a teaspoonful of sugar.

Shake it occasionally till it is all dissolved, then pour a teaspoonful into each saucer, and from the tubes squeeze a trifle of the color required, mix it well with the finger, and, if a very light color is required a little Chinese white may be added till of the right shade and consistency.

Hog-hair brushes are the best, except where fine lines or tracings are required, then the small camel's-hair brush may be used.

The colors most in requisition are Chinese white, Vandyke brown, chromo yellow, burnt sienna, raw sienna, sap-green, olive-green, Nero-blue, crimson lake, rose madder and purple madder. The designs to paint well should be closely woven or worked, to hold the paint and give it a smooth surface.

If small flowers are to be painted, take a small flat hog-hair brush, dip it in the paint, and try it first on a bit of white cotton or silk.

The brush must not be thoroughly wet, but moistened with the paint. Then rub it round and round in the same place, and, if of the right consistency, the paint will go on smoothly, being delicately shaded at the edges.

After this the flowers may be painted in the same way; also the leaves, which may require a brush of larger dimensions. Where large roses, or tulips, or other large flowers are to be painted, a round hog-hair brush, about the size of the third finger, will be necessary.

The veining and bordering and centre of the flowers may be done with the camel's-hair brush. A little practice only will be required to render lace painting an easy an agreeable pastime.

If the lace already painted is not dry enough to be moved, place a piece of fine muslin over it, and press it with a warm iron till dry; or if in no hurry to finish it, let it remain on the board till dry, without the aid of the iron.

If many yards of lace are to be painted it will be well to mix the quantity of paint required and bottle it, pouring out from time to time as it is needed—always shaking the bottle well before pouring it into the saucer. Then you will have the same shade all through, which is difficult to get when the paint is mixed in small quantities.

Chrome and orange-yellow and Vandyke brown are the colors used for the centre of the rose, daisy and tulip, or lily; but careful observation of the natural flower will tell the artist what colors are required. Nottingham lace pillow shams and bed-spreads paint very handsomely, when a desirable pattern or design is found.

When the paint is artistically put on, the quality of the article would never be guessed. One of the most beautifully fitted-up bed-rooms was decorated in this way. The walls were painted a delicate cream-tint, the ceiling cream, rose color, and light-blue. A frieze of Nottingham lace border, 25 inches wide, designed in daisies, with a deep scalloped edge, was painted in colors to match the ceiling. The daisies were of blue, centred with yellow and brown, the leaves and stems a delicate green, and the scalloped edge of the lace was bordered in pink and cream color. The two tints were separated by a line of burnt sienna. This was stretched around the room and fastened in place with white tacks, which were invisible to the casual observer, the whole having the appearance of an elegant fresco. The window drapery was of Nottingham lace, of a pattern similar to that of the freize.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER.—It is curious to note that the frontier of Germany and France is more distinctly marked than that of any other two countries. On the German side is a large post twelve feet high, painted like a barber's pole—red, black and white—with a cross piece on top with a word in black letters on white ground, "Grenze" (Boundary). Diagonally opposite is a cast-iron post twelve feet high painted gray. On an iron cross piece is the word "Frontiere." These posts are only placed on the roads and railway lines. "Across the country" the boundary is indicated by stone blocks projecting about a foot above the ground at intervals of fifty yards. On the French side is cut with a chisel the letter "F;" and on the German side is the letter "D"—for Deutschland.

Confidential Correspondents.

O. BROWN.—Tin will melt at a much lower temperature than lead. The heat required for tin is 235 degrees; for lead, 334 degrees of Fahrenheit.

O. P. Q.—It is difficult to give the price of raw silk, as it varies greatly according to the country it comes from and the supply and demand. At the present time it fetches a good price, and is rising, as silks are being more worn. There are regular firms of silk brokers, whose address could be found in the directory.

C. R. L.—You ask who is the author of the following lines:

"The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

Thomas Campbell is the author. The lines occur in his "Pleasures of Hope."

M. W.—Jam ferments either because it is too thin—i. e., insufficiently boiled—or because there is not enough sugar. Reboiling is the only remedy. Each pound of fruit requires about three-quarters of sugar; and the water should be boiled off till the one and three-quarter pound of mixed sugar and fruit gives from one and a half to one and a quarter pound of jam.

STAMMERER.—Stammering is, like blushing, a nervous disorder, and for its cure the greatest self-control is essential. Avoid thinking of the defect. Speak slowly, and encourage yourself to deliver short speeches when alone. Some people's ideas are not so quick in assuming a shape for expression as their tongue is for utterance; the speech gets ahead of the word-forming faculty in the brain, and stammering and hesitation follow.

SONATA.—We are only too glad to give our sympathy and advice to any one in your position. No, we will not say, "Abide by your parents' decision;" abide by the decision of your own heart. If when you see him again you feel you can love him, why, marry him; but let nothing induce you to do so if you feel you cannot. Never mind about having been in love before; it is a poor heart that has never loved more than once. Probably you will find you can take him and be happy.

A. T.—There are too many people who make meaning well an excuse for all kinds of impertinence and meddlesomeness, and go on from day to day in a course which occasions their friends the most intolerable annoyance. Such people ought to be set right and taught to mind their own business. They should also be led to see that they can never be too vigilant in guarding against this easy palliation of intrusive and meddlesome conduct, and that they should not only mean well, but also take the proper means of forming a sound judgment and correct rules of action.

ZELLO.—With a very sharp penknife carefully cut up your map on a hard board or sheet of glass into squares or oblongs of convenient size. Damp with a sponge, paint on the back with cold stiff paste, and mount on a piece of very thin calico or stout muslin carefully, but not too tightly, stretched on a board with pins. Allow from one-eighth to one-quarter inch between each section, according to the number. This requires care and judgment, as, if mounted too close, the map will not fold neatly, and, if too far, the discontinuity of the sections will prove annoying, and the folded map will be loose, and rub when folded and carried.

STUDENT.—In many cases there are peculiar technical or professional words and phrases which is proper to use in writing orders for technical or professional purposes, although such words and phrases might be inadmissible under any other circumstances. But the word "addressee" is not one of that kind. Although it has not yet gone into the Dictionary, it has come largely into use, and is so convenient that the people will no more give it up than they will cease to use the words patentee, mortgagee, and others of similar kind. The phrase, "when held-for-postage matter bears," etc., is grammatically correct, and can be easily parsed. "Held-for-postage" is an adjective, qualifying the noun "matter," and "matter" is the nominative of the verb "bears."

BELLE.—You need not be afraid of too much color. At your age it is only natural. We fear you will lose it as you grow older. Most high-colored girls are absurdly over-anxious on this score. Again and again we have heard pretty little maidens complain of what almost every man would rightly consider as merely a graceful and pretty flush, the outward and visible sign of a good constitution. Leave it alone, and do not try to cure it. Pallor and ill-health are no recommendation. 2. You have plenty of time yet. Seventeen is far from antique. It errs, if at all, on the side of youthfulness. If you can not at once be witty and lady-like, avoid wit, and at least be lady-like at all hazards. Vulgar chaff amuses nobody worth amusing.

M. F. W.—Black is not used universally as mourning. In China white is used on such occasions. In ancient times, moreover, at the court of the Byzantine Empire from the foundation of Constantinople by Constantine the Great, when the father, mother, wife, or son, or grandson of the Emperor died, while they were reigning, the sovereign used to be clothed in white garments for as long a period as he considered proper; afterwards to change them to plain yellow; then for yellow embroidered in gold and precious stones edged with trimmings of purple; and then to resume his usual imperial costume. During the period of the Emperor's white mourning every one of his subjects, from the highest to the lowest, had to wear black; and during his yellow mourning the near relatives of the dead had to be attired in black for forty days, even in the presence of the Emperor, afterwards in blue, until he went out of mourning, when theirs also expired.

TIMES.—The poor women of that age were busy working in the fields and doing the drudgery of the household about the same as they are now employed in most continental countries. The wives and daughters of knights and noblemen spent their time mostly in needlework, and their chief out-door amusement was hawking. They had minstrels to recite poems and sing to them, and were devout attendants at church. When they visited one another, they went on horseback and under the escort of armed attendants, as the country was thickly infested with robbers. Occasionally a young lady was captured by banditti and held to ransom, as sometimes happens now in Italy, Greece, and Spain; and if her friends did not make haste to ransom her, her captors would cut off one of her ears, or a finger, and send it to her home to hasten the financial movements of her family. On the whole, the lives of ladies, old and young, during the Crusades, were not so happy or so useful as they are in this last quarter of the nineteenth century.